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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE Danes do not intend to defend the island of Alsen. Their remaining forces will be collected at Fredericia in order to resist as far as practicable the German operations in Jutland. To that province, therefore, the war will now be transferred for the short time that it is likely to last. It is vain to hope that the remnant of the Danish army can make any effectual stand against the overwhelming superiority of numbers, and the still more crushing superiority of artillery to which they will be exposed. Unless the Conference leads to the proclamation of an armistice within a very few days, the whole of Jutland must fall into the hands of the invader. Indeed we may as well make up our minds at once to this result, for the conduct of Austria and Prussia clearly shows that they are determined no suspension of hostilities shall take place until they are in possession of that vantage ground for negotiation which they will gain by the occupation of a purely Danish province. On no other supposition is it possible to explain the fact that their plenipotentiaries were sent to London without any instructions respecting the grant of an armistice—the very point which it was well known would be raised by England and France immediately on the meeting of the Conference. But the intentions or the conduct of the German powers with regard to this preliminary question are of comparatively little importance if it be true, as is stated, that they are about to demand as the conditions of peace the political and administrative autonomy of the Duchies, the maintenance of their union in one single State, and the conversion of Rensburgh into a German federal fortress. If these terms, or anything like them, are acceded to, there is an end of the Danish monarchy as an independent State. Such a proposition must compel England and France immediately to make up their minds whether they do or do not intend to suffer the contemplated wrong to be perpetrated. If they are not prepared to oppose to it something more effectual than moral resistance, it would be far better, more straightforward, even more dignified to say so at once, to retire from the Conference, to tell the Danes that nothing is left them but unconditional surrender, and to cast upon Austria and Prussia the entire responsibility of an act which is certain to draw after it a heavy retribution. If on the other hand the Western Powers mean to take effectual steps for maintaining the integrity of Denmark, they cannot too soon allow this to be known. Whatever may be their policy it cannot be too soon or too frankly declared if pretensions such as those we have mentioned are put forth on the part of Germany. Prolonged negotiation on this basis would be an absurd and futile waste of time.

It was quite natural that Lord Chelmsford should endeavour to convince the House of Lords a few nights since that the Land Transfer Act of 1862 had proved a failure. Ex-Lord Chancellors easily convince themselves that the existing Lord Chancellor has done the things that he ought not to have done, and has left undone the things that he ought to do. But, although the returns which have been laid before Parliament undoubtedly show that Lord Westbury's measure has not yet succeeded, the time which has elapsed since it was passed is far too short to entitle any one to pass final judgment against it. No reasonable friend of the Act expected that any considerable portion of the owners of real property would become quickly alive to the advantages offered to them by the registration of an indefeasible title; and it is as much as could be looked for that there should be a steady but gradual increase in the amount of land brought into the office. Besides, it is absurd to say that any measure of conveyancing reform has had, or can have, a fair trial until some alteration has been effected in the present absurd mode of remunerating solicitors in proportion to the mere length of the documents they prepare. Such a measure can only succeed with the assistance of that branch of the legal profession, on whom unlearned clients depend for advice as to the best way of dealing with their estates. And as it is quite unfair to ask any body of men to assist in improving themselves off the face of the earth, we cannot wonder that solicitors have looked with little favour on a system under which, as matters now stand, it is impossible for them to obtain a fair reward for their labour and skill. But, while this proves the necessity of some further legislation in order to remove the obstacle we have mentioned, it renders it quite impossible to draw the inference which Lord Chelmsford would deduce, from the small amount of business which has hitherto come before Mr. Follett and his subordinates.

Although Mr. Liddell's attempt to commit Parliament to an abstract resolution in reference to our future Chinese policy was only defeated by a "count out," the slight interest which the House of Commons displayed in the subject may probably be taken as a proof that they are on the whole not dissatisfied with the measures taken by her Majesty's Government for the protection of British interests in the Celestial empire. Theorists are of course annoyed by an apparent inconsistency between a policy of non-intervention in the west, and one of interference in the east. But practical men are aware that it is impossible to deal in the same manner with civilised men and with ruthless savages like the Taepings. We cannot abandon our hold on the treaty ports and run the risk of seeing every English merchant driven out of China, in order to smooth the rebel leader's way to supreme power. It is possible that in the event of

final and complete success he would endeavour to establish a regular government and would fulfil the obligations contracted by his predecessors towards foreigners. But our experience of his proceedings has not hitherto justified any expectations of the kind; and ordinary prudence undoubtedly requires that we should not commit to the hazard of Chinese revolutions any advantages we have gained. It is unavoidable that in holding our own we should to some extent sympathise and even co-operate with the defenders of the Tartar dynasty, who are interested like ourselves in maintaining the existing *status quo*. Although we have no wish to interfere more than is absolutely necessary in the internal dissensions of the Chinese empire, it would be the height of folly to declare that under all circumstances we shall regard with absolute indifference their actual or probable bearing upon our commercial interests.

We observe with much satisfaction that the House of Commons has given a second reading to Mr. Scholefield's bill for the amendment of the law of partnership. At present if a capitalist desires to lend money for employment in a business, he can only do so with safety on the terms of receiving a fixed rate of interest. If he stipulates for a share in the profits he becomes a partner, and renders himself liable not only for the sum that he has advanced or engaged to advance, but to the extent of his whole fortune. Although the principle of limited liability is admitted in reference to joint-stock companies, it is at present excluded in England—and in England alone—from private partnerships. With regard to the latter the law prevents men from entering into such contracts as they think expedient, by arbitrarily annexing to them conditions and consequences of its own. It is clear that this interference with the ordinary freedom of mercantile transactions can only be justified on some very strong and clear grounds of public policy. But such grounds are wholly wanting in the present instance. It is indeed maintained that a man who has lent money on the understanding that he should participate in profits, ought to be treated as a partner with unlimited liability, because his connection with a business may induce third parties to give credit to the concern, in proportion rather to his known means than to the sum which he intends to risk. But this argument fails when it is provided, on the one hand, that the name of the limited partner shall not appear in the firm, and that he shall not interfere in the management; and on the other, that the extent and nature of his connection with the active and ostensible principal shall be clearly set forth in a public register, accessible to all who have dealings with the company. With such safeguards against fraud no one can be deceived by a mere general appearance of connection between a wealthy capitalist and a particular firm; while it will be entirely the fault of those who become aware of such a connection if they do not ascertain its real nature and the extent to which it fairly authorizes them in giving credit. So long as the public are protected against deception, they can have no right to interfere in order to prevent individuals from making what business arrangements they find most advantageous; and it may be said with confidence that any unnecessary restrictions must be detrimental to the interests, as they are opposed to the liberty, of commerce.

The policy which the Government have announced their intention of pursuing in New Zealand will probably meet with the same general assent out of doors, which it has already obtained within the House of Commons. It appears to us marked both by firmness and justice. No one can or does desire that the Maoris should be treated more harshly than is necessary for the decisive and permanent vindication of British supremacy in the island. On the other hand, no sentimental regard for the natives ought to prevent the attainment of this great object, or hinder us from consulting the interests of the settlers so far as this may fairly be done. In truth it is utterly impossible that tranquillity should be preserved, without adopting some means for facilitating that expansion, towards which there is an irresistible tendency on the part of a thriving and vigorous English colony. Nor is there anything contrary to justice or even to Maori notions, in taking advantage of our success in the present (or perhaps we should say recent) war in order to acquire the land of which we stand so much in need. A vanquished tribe has always, according to the practice of the New Zealanders, been held to forfeit its territory to the conquerors. A moderate measure of confiscation directed against those who participated in the rebellion is not only

expedient but thoroughly justifiable. At the same time it is desirable that its operation should be well defined and should be restrained within reasonable limits. Mr. Cardwell believes, and we think he is warranted in doing so, that the case will be met by providing that no confiscation shall take place under the act of the local legislature without the express sanction of Governor Sir George Grey, nor until the guilt of the tribe or the owners, whose land it is proposed to take, shall be established before an open commission. As soon as the requisite punishment has been inflicted, and due compensation has been exacted for the losses we have suffered, the power of confiscation is to cease, a general amnesty is to be proclaimed, and thenceforth every native will be safe in the possession of his property, unless he chooses to risk it by joining in some new rebellion. The loyal will then know that they have nothing more to fear; the guilty will feel the expediency of avoiding further loss by frank submission, and not only will the authority of the Queen be thus duly vindicated by a signal and impressive act of severity, but the peace of the colony may be secured by placing the colonists comparatively at their ease in respect to the land which they require; and by locating large bodies of European settlers in those natural positions which will give us entire command of the province.

Some of the Democratic members of the Federal House of Representatives have at last plucked up courage to advise the recognition of the Confederate States. The event is remarkable, not on account of any peculiar importance due to the views of these gentlemen, but as an indication of the tendency of Northern public opinion. Looking to the pusillanimity hitherto displayed by the Democrats in dissembling views which they were known to entertain, we may be quite certain that Mr. Long, Mr. Harris, and those who concurred with them, did not speak out until they felt quite sure that their words would find an echo in the hearts of a large portion of their countrymen. It would, indeed, be strange if thoughtful and sensible men amongst the Federals were not beginning to recognise the hopelessness of the undertaking in which they are engaged. With gold up to a higher premium than it has yet reached during the war, with an almost immediate necessity for largely increasing the taxation of the country, with extensive combinations amongst the labouring classes to raise the rate of wages, with an army which cannot be recruited, and a navy which it is impossible to man—it is not wonderful that, under such present or immediately prospective embarrassments, the idea of an interminable war for the reconstruction of the union, should be losing some of its attractiveness. The more sanguine part of the population no doubt still indulge the lively hopes of speedy success, with which they have hailed the advent to supreme command of every new general. But if Grant should fail in his attack on Richmond, there seems reason to anticipate a material abatement in the intensity of the war fever. In that case, indeed, such a result would probably be accelerated by other influences. It seems pretty clear that nearly the whole of the effective Northern army is being concentrated for the campaign in Virginia. Its defeat would enable the Confederates to carry the war by more roads than one into the Federal States. Judging from the impatience which the Northerners have displayed under the comparatively light burthens they have hitherto had to bear, it is not difficult to estimate the constancy and endurance they are likely to display under a trial similar to that which the Southerners have borne for three years with unflinching heroism. If once the Federals are reduced to defend themselves on their own soil, the war will be virtually at an end; and it is hardly possible they should escape this fate if Grant does not obtain an early and decided success. For even if protracted operations or drawn battles in Virginia should prevent Lee from advancing, Johnston and Longstreet are apparently opposed by no antagonist who can effectually bar their progress; while it is plain that the State of Kentucky is at this moment very much at the mercy of Forrest and other Confederate leaders. Indeed it would almost seem as if some sense of decaying strength, some presentiment of possible disaster, had already entered the minds of Northern statesmen. The refusal of the Senate to concur in the resolution of the House of Representatives condemning the establishment of a monarchy in Mexico must be accepted as a tacit surrender of the Monroe doctrine, and of the long-cherished dream of one vast American empire, with its capital in Washington.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CONFERENCE.

If war steels the heart, diplomacy surely petrifies the conscience. Once perhaps in a century we hear of such deeds, in some hidden corner of heathendom, as the smoking to death, by Marshal Bugeaud, of his Arab foes in their cave of refuge. But to refuse negotiation till the assault of fifty thousand on ten thousand, heralded by the "infernal fires" of rifled shells on bastion and homestead, can be delivered with crushing effect, is a deed of a like nature, only on a grander scale, and acted with more solemn pomp. This is what we had the privilege of seeing during the past week. The arrival of Baron Beust during the present week has compelled a change in the performance. So the Conference has met and been constituted, and has, we are told, arranged to sit regularly twice a week. And it has met twice in the week without agreeing to so simple a preliminary as an armistice. Why should it hasten its labours? Are not Baron Beust and Counts Apponyi and Bernstorff in perfectly comfortable, may we not even suppose in luxurious quarters? What to them are the gashed and fever-stricken bodies that have crawled into ditches to die, that they should trouble their ease to save others from the like fate? Besides, is not the King of Prussia himself in the field, and, like a gallant warrior, preparing to follow his troops to fresh glory? Who would be so uncourtier-like as to balk sacred majesty of the privilege of coming up with songs of triumph and prayers of praise, after a second battle has been fought and a second victory has been won? And above all, there are the Prussian taxes to be collected, and they will come in the easier, and a recusant Parliament will be more docile, if the gallant army can in its Vaterland enthusiasm over-run another Danish province and slaughter some more thousands of Danish freemen. Or why either should France or England urge haste on the august Conference? The policy of the empire we know is peace, and how can peace better be secured than by the extermination of an indomitable constitutional neighbour? And the policy of England we know is her "honour and interests," and what have either to do with the life or death of a few thousand Danes, more or less, within the next few weeks' campaign? So all parties are naturally courteous and accommodating, and over their golden snuffboxes, gifts each from crowned heads, play with admirable dignity and propriety their solemn game of diplomatic chess.

Meantime the poor pawns go blundering on, bearing with noble fortitude the loss of a full fifth of their small force, defending every inch of ground, and struggling with heroic constancy against overpowering odds. No stouter hearts beat in the pass of Thermopylæ than those whose life-blood soaked the Dybbøl ramparts or throbbed in passionate despair as the shattered, but unbroken ranks, held on their ordered retreat down the fatal slope. Even the enemy, triumphant by his numbers, cannot withhold some extorted admiration when he views the feeble defences which were held so long. The parapets levelled, the guns dismounted, no bomb-proof cover for the men, while the shells fell like hail around, tell mutely the desperate courage which abode the final assault. The Prussian soldiers wondered, as their battalions rushed to the charge, why they escaped a withering fire of grape and shell, but the first glance as they swarmed over the ruined walls told the reason—there was not a gun left that could fire. So it was but hand-to-hand fighting, and five to one gained the day. Many regiments were cut to pieces—many more, surrounded by a living wall of foes, had no choice but to drop the weapons from their wearied hands; yet there was no flight and no disorder. Steadily and grimly, turning every now and then at bay, the defeated army bore back its thinned columns to the pre-arranged point of retreat. "A useless fight," some have sneered. True, there could be, and there was, no hope of winning, but there are times when a people fights—not to win, but to die. "Sacrificed to a point of honour," sneers another English "organ." Well, is it not enough that England makes no sacrifices to her honour? Must we also reproach those who know that honour is sometimes worth more than life—because it is indeed the nation's life—which being lost, the nation perishes? Driven to destruction to please a cowardly Copenhagen mob, explains afresh the English mouthpiece! The statement is false, as statements of facts in that quarter often are; but if it were true, where is our title to vaunt ourselves? What has withheld us from the honest sympathy and active help our people would have gladly given, and which would, if given in time, have saved all such hecatombs of glory, but the dogged refusal of a London mob to risk its guineas for

humanity? True, our mob meets not in the streets, but in our public marts; true its aspect is not as a sea of sweaty, unwashed faces, but a decorous black-coated crowd, with smug, smooth-shaven chins; true, its voice is not the roar of patriot passion, but the chink of gold in the breeches pockets, and the moral indignation "leading articles" which the gold can buy. But even a black-coated, smooth-shaven mob, with gold in its pockets, may yet be a cowardly mob, more ruinous to its country than the sweltering mob of the streets—more guilty of blood, before God and man, than any mob that ever clamoured for a general's dismissal, or swept with brutish instinct through the meshes of diplomacy to the conclusion that now or never the army must fight, if the nation would not die.

For it is needful to recollect that at this stage there is no longer any question about German nationalities. The German race is practically, and as a province, limited to Holstein, with the most southern parts of Slesvig. The former, by our advice, the Danes yielded. But the German powers insisted on seizing Slesvig as a "material guarantee" for the surrender of all claims to Holstein, as they are now proceeding to occupy Jutland as a material guarantee for the surrender of Slesvig, and, with matchless effrontery, for the making good their losses by what they call the "piracy" of the Danish fleet in capturing their vessels. Now as not only Jutland, but almost the whole of Slesvig, are essentially and absolutely Danish, the simple issue now put to the Danes is, dismemberment or no dismemberment of their race, partition or no partition of their country. To resist, and to protest against dismemberment and partition, Dybbøl was held as Alsen is held, and as Fredericia in Jutland will be held. For this the Slesvig, as the Jutland, regiments fight and fall. They are bidden forsooth to give way before the invaders, and to retreat in order to save so many precious lives! But it is quite clear that German rapacity and violence grow by success, and the result, obvious to the Danes, of their retreating (a course which, be it remembered, they fairly tried, at one instance, up to a certain point) is that their whole country would be overrun. If, after that, a Conference were to meet, what hope could they have from it but sanction of the accomplished fact? The fact would seem justified by the very want of resistance, which would be triumphantly quoted as proof that the Danish nation cared nothing for the independence it had lost without a blow. Nor if the great Powers are willing to stand by and see Denmark reft of her provinces by violence, would there be the smallest chance that they would afterwards go to war to restore their integrity. So the Danish conclusion that they have no choice but to resist, though resistance be almost hopeless, is indisputably sound. Any other course would be not merely almost, but absolutely hopeless. It would reduce to positive certainty that within the year Denmark would be blotted from the list of nations.

Can those, then, be blamed who struggle with the fury of despair against such a fate, and who give their lives recklessly to prove that they hold their country and their independence dear? There are cravens, we know, in every land, whose souls are dead to any such thought, who are ready to accept any rules, and who will be content with any laws if only the power of money-making is secured them. Such men may be found even in England, they can be picked out in our highest places, they are respected on 'Change, honoured in Parliament, admitted sometimes even to the councils of the Sovereign. But the great English people despises and disowns them. It has fought its fight against heaviest odds, that it might preserve its liberties and its name; it looks back with shame on the days when for a space our Court was pensioner of a foreign Power, or when for a longer period it was moved by dynastic sympathies. But even in the blackest of those days we found noble help from the free States and people of Europe, and we are proud to owe our rescue at a critical moment to armed aid from Holland. That debt it is now for us to repay, not to the nation which bestowed the gift, but to the principle which the deed asserted. There are times too in our history on which we can let our thoughts rest with other feelings. We have been once respected too; our word has been a bond of safety, our threat a wall of defence. When Cromwell held the reins of Government, England was feared and honoured. She had but to speak to stop oppression, and the manning of her ships was the charter of the world's rights; for it had been found then that she would speak when she saw wrong done, and that when she spoke it was in the thunder of her guns and the cheers of her crews. So, though bleeding with internal wounds, she was everywhere respected, everywhere courted, and, above all, peace was preserved—preserved with honour and credit, solely because it was known to all that it would not be preserved at the cost of their sacrifice.

OUR ABORTIVE FESTIVAL.

AFTER months of preparation—after oceans of big talk and small talk—after committee meetings and committee wrangles—after personal jealousies and mutual recriminations by the dozen—after blunders and follies innumerable, and the shipwreck of schemes about which the public wouldn't get enthusiastic, and whose ruin they do not even affect to deplore,—we have had our little festival, and are as well as could be expected. Shakespeare has been toasted by actors in the small hours of the morning, and eulogised by lords in the more regular hours of the evening. The working men of London, arrayed in the finery of Odd Fellows' lodges, have planted an oak on the slopes of Primrose Hill, to the end that Shakespeare and benefit societies may be associated for the next five hundred years, provided the little boys don't bark the sapling and cause its premature decay. Miss Eliza Cook, who erst sang of an Old Arm-chair, has sung of the poet who interpreted all things, from arm-chairs to planets. We have been down to the Crystal Palace (some of us), and seen a model of the old Henley-street house, wrought by the cunning hand of Parris, who once, according to a doubtful tradition, gave a golden apple to Venus, and now pays a worthy tribute to Shakespeare. We have listened to Shakespearian music; we have journeyed to Stratford-upon-Avon, and heard the "Messiah;" we have seen some of Shakespeare's plays acted by ladies and gentlemen not entirely strangers to us; we have looked at a collection of Shakespearian portraits; we have gazed at some fireworks; we have hearkened to some speeches—perhaps even have made some; and we have frightened the French Government. By this time it is nearly all over. In a few days we shall have deposited the last of our laurel wreaths on the poet's head, and may abandon ourselves to pleasing reminiscences and the cheerful sense of duties performed.

Have we erected a monument to our great representative man, unveiled a statue, founded a theatre for the Muses of Tragedy and Comedy, or inaugurated a college, school, or home of refuge for those to whom Shakespeare more especially belonged? That is a question to give us pause in the midst of our self-satisfaction. We heard something of all these projects in the early days of the Tercentenary fever, and we believe the London Committee is still engaged in the incubation of a monument, with a residuary prospect of a school in connection with the Royal Dramatic College, to which all surplus funds are to be devoted. But what has become of the London Committee? We have learnt nothing about it for a long time. Even this week of festival has failed to bring it out. We begin to feel anxious about the surplus. Come forth, Somebody, and let us know that there won't after all be a deficit. Where is Mr. Hepworth Dixon? where Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson? They do not seem even to have dined this week. What, too, has become of that other gentleman (we forget his name), who set himself up for the original and only genuine committee, and who on his own responsibility commissioned an eminent sculptor to execute a statue of the poet? Has he made terms with the more powerful body, and are they all working in secret for the good of their country? or have they given place to the kindly dissipation of the hour, and forgotten their toils and their dissensions in lotos-eating on the banks of Avon? We would not be unreasonably impatient, but in due time we should like to know.

A history of the Tercentenary celebration would be a curiosity, and, if well executed, would make an unrivalled book of light and humorous reading. Perhaps we ought not, under any circumstances, to laugh at misfortune; but there are some misfortunes which, as long as human nature retains a spice of wickedness, will provoke merriment rather than pity. If we are allowed by the custom of society to laugh at a wretch in the agonies of sea-sickness, we may surely consider ourselves free to feel amused at the ridiculous antics which certain people have thought fit to play before the majestic shade of Shakespeare, under pretence of doing him honour. The whole course of the business has been a series of blunders. A few great names were announced in connection with the so-called National Committee; but, if they ever took any active part in the deliberations of that body, they soon withdrew, disgusted apparently by sectional wrangles and general incompetence. The exclusion, or overlooking, of Mr. Thackeray, whatever may have been the rights of the case (and they have never been fully and clearly placed before the public), excited the most widely diffused feeling against the Committee; and the sudden death of the great humourist while the dispute was at its height, gave all the poignancy and passion of grief to the indignation of the outer world. Then came the mismanage-

ment which resulted in the secession of a large and important section of the body; then the failure of any plan at once worthy of the occasion and capable of being realized within the time originally contemplated; then, collapse and oblivion. "The rest is silence." We are promised a statue and a monument, if there are funds enough, and a school for poor actors' children, if there should be a surplus. But of the collection of funds we hear nothing, and the little enthusiasm which the nation ever exhibited on the subject will have exhausted itself in the splash and splutter of the present week. Such, in brief, is the history of the London Committee; that of the Stratford Committee has been scarcely less ignominious. Mr. Flower and his coadjutors blundered in not asking Mr. Phelps to join their dramatic celebration; and they blundered again in not accepting the consequences of the first blunder, but, on the contrary, choosing to offend Mr. Fechter after having accepted his services. Finally, being disappointed in getting a Frenchman to act Hamlet in the poet's native town, they get a Frenchwoman to act Juliet. At the eleventh hour, when the prospect of a hideous blank in the programme, and the return of the money for the omitted entertainment, seemed imminent, Mr. George Vining and Mdlle. Stella Colas generously rushed forward to the rescue of the distressed Committee. Mr. Flower must have heaved a sigh of relief, and might have exclaimed, in the language of Dr. Johnson, when addressing his imaginary mistress,—

"Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend."

But how far Shakespeare, in his lifetime, would have been pleased to anticipate the day when his countrymen, seeking to do him reverence on the three hundredth anniversary of his birth, were fain to resort to one French actor after another, may be a question for painful consideration. After all, however, Stratford may fairly claim credit for having made something like a gala. We, in London, have not even accomplished that.

The failure of the Tercentenary celebration has, no doubt, been precipitated by the incompetence of those who were intrusted with its management; but the most efficient cause of that failure lies, we suspect, much deeper than the shortcomings of any committee or coterie. It is to be found in the national character itself. Whether it be a defect or a virtue in our composition (perhaps it is a compound of both), we English have an instinctive repugnance to anything like display. We have a horror of enthusiasm, seeing that enthusiasm is so apt to run into pretence and insincere mocking of the true sentiment. It may be that we do not sufficiently reflect on the corresponding truth, that the habitual suppression of feeling may harden into real indifference, and constant reserve into apparent cynicism. But the fact undoubtedly is that we do not like the vehement and public exhibition of our emotions. Whenever we do give way, it is under the powerful stimulus of some immediate and bodily presence, which takes our kindly and hospitable soul by storm. We roared ourselves hoarse in greeting the Princess Alexandra, because she was a stranger seeking our shores, and a beautiful girl coming to wed our King of the future. We have given Garibaldi an ovation like those of fabulous antiquity, because he is a brave, unselfish patriot, visiting us in the flesh, and asking for the grasp of our hands. But we cannot get enthusiastic about an idea. The three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare is nothing but an idea, and a very vague idea too, seeing that there is only a symmetrical difference between that and the two hundred and ninety-ninth anniversary last year, or the three hundred and first next year. The practical, rather unimaginative, and exceedingly phlegmatic Englishman doesn't see why he should get into a perspiration of excitement about the one more than the other. There is no visible presence to animate and rouse him, and no positive reason, that he can see, why he should be roused. Besides, to tell the plain truth, though we have not the least doubt that most Englishmen have a real pride in Shakespeare, as a man of superlative genius who has reflected a great light on the common country, even to the astonishment of foreigners, there are but few readers of his works among the bulk of the people—among the millions of the trading and working classes. An instinctive sense of this has, we believe, more than anything else, withheld the masses from joining in the celebration. They have feared to betray their ignorance to the better instructed, and, still more, to seem guilty of affecting a greater amount of enthusiasm than they really feel. The honesty and unpretentiousness of the English character are really against us in such matters. Your true Briton will not stick at a round lie behind his counter; but he will not "endanger his soul gratis." The French, and still more the Italians, get up these festivals with spontaneous grace and fervour; partly

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because there is a real feeling for art among both populations, and partly because they are naturally of a demonstrative habit. Even our kinsmen, the Germans, do better than we. We are out of our element in such proceedings, and perhaps henceforth it will be better not even to attempt them.

Yet the celebration has not passed over without some pleasant features. It has stimulated the production of some good (as well as some bad) works illustrative of the poet's life and writings; and it has gauged, as perhaps no other event could have done, the progress which Shakespeare's name has made on the Continent. The greatest of all elucidators of the human heart lives not alone for Englishmen and Americans, or for those rising nations who speak the tongue he spoke. His fame comes to us, echoed and reduplicated out of foreign lands. Germany speaks in an address signed by many of her students; France through the lips of Victor Hugo and Georges Sand. Even from the limits of civilization—from the Tartar city of Moscow—come words of greeting. These are precious and noble facts—facts which almost make up for the mortifying suppression of the French banquet in Paris, for which, if report speak truly, there was some excuse, seeing that certain rash spirits had sought to turn it into an occasion for disorder. The orb of Shakespeare's influence is visibly dilating; and in another century it will perhaps be co-extensive with the world.

MESSRS. OVEREND & CO. AND MR. PEARSON.

JUDGMENT has at last been pronounced in the case of Mr. Zachariah Charles Pearson, merchant and ship-owner, of Kingston-upon-Hull and Nicholas-lane, London, and for the next six months that gentleman's certificate will be suspended with protection. The case is a peculiar one both as regards the man and the temptation which converted him from being the possessor of £16,000 into a bankrupt, whose assets yield only sixpence per pound upon an aggregate liability of £648,000. It is instructive, as showing how a man may rise from poverty to a considerable estate, then suddenly lose his head, and fall from a respectable eminence to such ruin, that his last state shall be infinitely worse than his first. It is valuable as a warning to those who, in the course of a prosperous career, may find themselves tempted by a dangerous facility of expanding their operations upon terms of credit. And again, it is instructive as showing that such dangerous facilities may be offered, not by adventurers with no name or with a bad name, but by the high and mighty in the world of commerce, men living in the precious odour of wealth and respectability, who are above suspicion of wrong or even of imprudence. These are the salient points of the case as it presents itself to our mind; and, of the two, the latter is by far the more important. And for their consideration we may contract the case to those portions of it which show how Mr. Pearson rose from nothing, how in evil hour he bought on credit from Messrs. Overend & Gurney a fleet of ships, and how that magnificent possession brought him presently to grief.

Upwards of twenty years ago Mr. Pearson went to sea as a cabin-boy. He worked his way up till, at the age of twenty-one, he obtained the command of a merchant-vessel, and so improved his position that some time afterwards he became a ship-owner, and by good conduct and diligence earned both a high reputation and a very fair fortune. He served the office first of sheriff of Hull, his native town, and then, twice the office of mayor. In 1858 he was worth in hard cash £16,000, two freehold houses, and furniture, which has since been sold for £1,000. This was a gratifying success; and if Mr. Pearson had been satisfied to plod on he might now be the possessor of a moderate fortune instead of being a bankrupt without certificate. As ill-luck would have it, while he was attaining his position, Messrs. Overend & Gurney had become mortgagees of a fleet of vessels belonging to Messrs. Xenos & Co. The ships were of no use to them unless they could make money by them—a perfectly correct mode of regarding them,—and so it came to pass that in 1861 they sold them to Mr. Pearson. How this bargain was initiated, whether Messrs. Overend & Gurney in the first instance tempted him, or whether he tempted them, we cannot say. It is sufficient to know that he became their possessor upon tempting terms—so tempting indeed that it would be impossible for ninety-nine out of a hundred traders to resist the fascination of such an offer. The purchase-money was £80,000. Mr. Pearson had only £16,000. But Messrs. Overend & Gurney were not unreasonable. They would wait for their money. They would give Mr. Pearson eighteen months or two years to pay them, and take his bills in the mean time, renewable every three months, as he required them, provided he reduced the amount quarterly or half-yearly

by £10,000. Of course they secured themselves by a mortgage. The bargain was as safe to them as it was seductive to the bankrupt. And so Mr. Pearson bought the ships, and a year afterwards a fresh batch of ships were sold to him by the same firm, on the same terms, for £66,000. But the story of this transaction is not complete without mention of a fact which seems to have struck the Commissioner as peculiar. In the report of his judgment which appears in the *Times* of the 25th inst. we find this passage:—"Some of the transactions with Messrs. Overend & Gurney he certainly could not understand. He alluded particularly to an alleged payment by the bankrupt of £1,000 as commission for purchasing ships; it was quite new to him for a vendee to pay commission upon a purchase." Indeed, this fact seems to have rankled in the Commissioner's mind even after the case had been dismissed; for in the *Times* of the day following we find him recurring to the matter:—"His Honour stated," says the report, "with reference to his judgment in this case, that £2,000 had been paid by the bankrupt to the agent of Messrs. Overend & Co., being £1,000 on each of two transactions. It was important that this circumstance should be correctly understood, inasmuch as the bankrupt's dealings with Messrs. Overend & Co. were very extraordinary in their nature."

No doubt Messrs. Overend & Co. can satisfactorily explain what has so much puzzled the learned Commissioner, and with regard to which our own ideas, we confess, are not particularly clear. Certainly both the bargains, and the commission paid upon them, require explanation. Messrs. Overend & Co. are not tyros in the practice of commerce. We take it that they have means, more or less, of ascertaining the substance of the men to whom they sell fleets of ships; and in this particular instance it could hardly have been very difficult to test the pecuniosity of a man who had been sheriff of Hull, and twice its mayor. We do not quarrel with them for having been reckless of their own interests. They seem to have been prudentially alive to their responsibilities on that score. But with this partial fulfilment of their duties they were apparently satisfied. The evil that might arise to the bankrupt from the dangerous facility they offered him of becoming proprietor of a fleet of ships might have occurred to them in their private and pensive hours; but in their public capacity, as a firm, it had not, we fear, its due weight. Neither did they reflect—or, if they did, to no purpose—on the confidence which such a possession must attract to its owner. Naturally enough, when the late sheriff and mayor of Hull, with his high and merited reputation, appeared before the world as the ostensible owner of a fleet of ships, his credit would be largely extended. And it was. It enabled him with a capital of £16,000 to contract debts to the extent of £648,000. For two-thirds of this there is some security, for the rest a dividend of sixpence in the pound. Messrs. Overend & Gurney have not directly occasioned this loss. But if their dealings with the bankrupt had been marked by the reserve and caution which the commercial world has a right to expect from such a firm, Mr. Pearson's ruinous collapse would have been impossible.

But we find further mention of the name of this eminent firm in connection with this case which we shall be glad to find is incorrect. In his speech for the bankrupt, Mr. Lewis gave the history of one of the ships bought by Pearson from Messrs. Overend and subsequently chartered to Bermuda. We quote from Mr. Lewis's published defence:—

"There was a vessel called the *Merrimac*. She was chartered I think to Bermuda. That vessel and cargo were sold for £130,000. She was not to run the blockade. She was to be sold in Bermuda, and to be paid for in Bermuda. The bankrupt gave Messrs. Overend & Gurney a charge on that, and after the stoppage they would not carry out the contract upon some point of conscience; perhaps because there was some gunpowder on board. Their conscience interfered, or from some notion or other they would not allow the cargo to be realized for the best price. The vessel and cargo were sold after the bankruptcy, and instead of the contract for sale at £130,000, they only realized something like £20,000 or £30,000. Messrs. Overend & Gurney refused to complete the contract, and there again £100,000 marched clean out of this balance-sheet by this bankruptcy intervening and intercepting the completion of that contract."

Of the facts mentioned here we cannot speak. They have been stated in open court, and have been repeated in the publication above alluded to. If we accept them as true, we are bound to say that the high feeling of conscientiousness they exhibit came somewhat too late. There are agencies quite as destructive in their way as gunpowder. One of the most perilous to commerce is the investing men with an illusory appearance of substance; allowing them to pass themselves off before the world for what they are not; enabling them to contract debts which they can only liquidate by a lucky chance;

aiding them to plunge hap-hazard into liabilities which they have no reasonable means of meeting. If Messrs. Overend and Gurney were deceived by Mr. Pearson, that is another matter. If he obtained their ships by a fraudulent representation as to his means, they are free from imputation of blame. Free, indeed, from all charge of illegal conduct they are already. We impute to them nothing of the kind. But we do earnestly lament the want of that prudence, the absence of that punctiliousness of commercial caution in their dealings with Mr. Pearson which men have a right to look for from a house so potent, so capable of protecting commerce while advancing its own interests.

NEWSPAPER PRESS BENEVOLENT FUND.

THE Newspaper Press every day urges the claims and promotes the interests of some sacred cause of charity. Has it ever occurred to any one to ask how it happens that the Press has no benevolent fund, no charitable association of its own? Has the Newspaper Press no necessitous or unfortunate members? Is their income in no decree precarious? Are they never incapacitated by bodily or mental infirmity? Do they never leave widows and orphans behind them before they have been able to make suitable provision for their wants? If they possess no "charmed lives"—if they can boast no special immunity from the wants and ills of poor humanity—how is it that they who have a kind word for every charitable institution have forborne to whisper the claims of their necessitous and decayed members to share in the generosity of the public? The most honourable and exalted professions have their poorer and less fortunate members, on whose behalf they do not disdain to appeal for public aid. The Church, the Army and Navy, the medical profession, literature, the law, the drama, artists, the mercantile marine, publishers, booksellers, stationers, cheesemongers, butchers, publicans, commercial travellers, warehousemen, clerks—every professional calling and every section of trade, manufactures, and commerce has its distinctive charitable machinery. It is a singular anomaly, that while the printers and the vendors of newspapers have their benevolent funds, and appeal to the liberality of the public, the members of the literary department of the Newspaper Press have pursued their useful, honourable, and arduous labours uncheered by public benevolence, yet too often reminded by appeals from their less fortunate brethren, and from the necessitous widows and families of deceased friends and colleagues, of the crying need of some charitable organization for their relief.

The Parliamentary reporters of the London Press in the year 1858 originated a Newspaper Press Fund for the benefit of necessitous members and the families of deceased members. They appointed a Committee to draw up rules and regulations, and summoned a general meeting of the newspaper body. Upon one point there was absolute and entire unanimity. Every one agreed that a provident association ought to be established. Every one had some mournful personal experience to relate of some newspaper writer or reporter of ability and integrity, overtaken by bodily sickness or mental infirmity, and suffering the most distressing privations from the want of a Newspaper Fund answering to the Royal Literary Fund. But when another point came to be discussed—namely, the propriety of communicating with men of influence, eminence, and public position, and to a certain extent with the community at large, in order to obtain for the Newspaper Press Fund resources commensurate with its objects—some diversity of opinion was manifested.

The movement, as we have said, originated with the Parliamentary reporters. They are gentlemen of high character and independence, and are deservedly proud of the tribute paid to them by the late Sir Robert Peel, who, when Prime Minister, declared that, "During the whole of his official career he had never been appealed to for any office, place, or favour, by any member of the Press." The Parliamentary reporters stand in inevitably delicate relations with the members of both Houses of Parliament, and some of their body shrank from joining in any appeal to public men which threatened to compromise their independence. The question was discussed by the general meeting. The majority were of opinion, first, that the character and independence of newspaper writers and reporters would in no degree be weakened by an appeal to the public; and secondly, that the working bees of the Press were too small in number and too scantily paid to give substantial relief to their necessitous brethren, or their widows and orphans.

The committee appointed by the general meeting endeavoured to carry out the wishes of the majority without offend-

ing the scruples of an influential minority. This task they performed with the greatest discretion. They made no general appeal to public men, but privately communicated with men of distinction who were known to be favourably disposed towards the press. The late Lord Campbell sent them a handsome donation, accepted the post of vice-president, and assured them of his earnest sympathy. The late Lord Lyndhurst did the same. The Committee made repeated appeals to the Newspaper Press both metropolitan and provincial, but with slender success. The guinea subscriptions of a few members formed but a hand-to-mouth fund, and no subscriber could be sure that an association which manifested symptoms of such feeble vitality would live until his own turn might come to claim a share in its benefits. The association was dwindling away into nothingness. The committee had endeavoured to steer a middle course. It was, we think, a judicious course, because it was tentative, experimental, and intended to conciliate the suffrages of the entire body. But it ended in failure. The Newspaper Press Fund requires the remedy which the Press itself prescribes for every other cause and institution. It wants the invigorating atmosphere of publicity, the animating breath of public sympathy, the cheering assurance of public support.

Steps are now being taken to bring the claims of the new association before the world. Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes) has accepted the post of President, and will take the chair at the inaugural dinner, to be held on Saturday, the 21st of May. Men of the greatest eminence in the ranks of politics and literature grace the list of vice-presidents. Among the names we note those of the Bishop of Oxford, Lord Clarendon, Mr. Disraeli, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Lord J. Manners, Lord Redesdale, Mr. C. P. Villiers, Mr. W. Cowper, Mr. Newdegate, Sir Joseph Paxton, Mr. C. Dickens, Mr. A. J. Beresford Hope, the Rev. G. R. Gleig, Mr. Robert Chambers, Mr. R. Bell, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. Shirley Brooks, Sir C. W. Dilke, Mr. Thoms, Mr. T. Wright, Mr. A. Spottiswoode, Sir John Gray, Mr. George Godwin, Sir Cusack Roney, &c. This is a goodly list, and it will doubtless be largely extended as the claims of the Newspaper Press Fund become more widely known.

We earnestly hope that our brethren of the Press will give their powerful support to the attempt which is now being made to extend the basis of the society's operations, and to place it in a position similar to that occupied by literary, artistic, and other benevolent institutions. It is founded on a sufficiently wide and liberal basis, for it has for its aim and object the relief of all literary men who look to the Newspaper Press for their maintenance and support. It will thus embrace within the scope of its operations not only gentlemen engaged in the editorial and reporting departments of the Newspaper Press, but also those employed in the criticism of the fine arts, music, and the drama, as well as reviewers of books and the contributors to periodical literature. Hitherto, the claims of these members of the Newspaper Press have not been recognised by any public institution. The Royal Literary Fund, for example, excludes newspaper editors, reporters, and contributors as such. If they have ever written a dull book they may be relieved from that fund; but if they have written nothing but brilliant leading articles, discriminating literary reviews, and accurate Parliamentary reports, the Royal Literary Fund will have nothing to say to them. The other day, an appeal was made to them on behalf of an aged and indigent member of the newspaper profession. The Literary Fund Committee wished to help the literary man, but their rules excluded him. At last, somebody remembered that, years ago, the old gentleman had written a book that neither had nor deserved to have a sale. But the fact of his having written something that was published within boards brought him within the rules, and rescued him from starvation. If the Newspaper Press would manifest a proper *esprit de corps*, the new Fund might ere long be called the "Royal" Newspaper Fund, and receive a charter of incorporation. The "fourth estate" cannot more legitimately employ its influence than in obtaining for its distressed, enfeebled, and aged members, their widows, and children, a share of that Christian liberality which it invokes for every other class of the community.

An eminent literary man is said to have remarked not long ago, "There will soon be very little literature out of newspapers and periodicals." He was very near the truth. The intellectual life of the country is more and more directed to newspapers. Their multiplication has largely increased the number of editors, reporters, and contributors, while the establishment of a penny press, demanding a strict economy of expenditure, has tended in some cases to reduce the remuneration formerly paid to members of the press. There was

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therefore never so much need of a Newspaper Press Benevolent Fund. It is a scandal to a State when a Parliamentary reporter, for example, who, since the days of Canning, has been daily and nightly engaged in promoting the political education of the country, finds himself, with enfeebled faculties, face to face with an old age of indigence. The orator who feels a glow of pride in reading the speech which the Press has with such astonishing celerity transmitted warm from his lips and instinct with his soul—the successful advocate—the eloquent divine—the ambitious public man—probably often wish they could do something for those who do so much for them. The successful inventor who floats upon a sea of wealth in consequence of the publicity given to his discoveries by the Press,—the author, the painter, the actor, the singer, whose fortunes are made by a few unpurchaseable strokes of the pen, could not more gracefully acknowledge the services rendered to them than by contributing to the Newspaper Press Fund. Why should not newspaper men have their Orphan School and Asylum, and their College for decayed and enfeebled members? If the resources of the Newspaper Press Fund should ever be commensurate with the claims and merits of the body and the services they render to the public, the Association about to be inaugurated will become one of the noblest and most magnificent charities which grace this island.

KETTLEDRUMS.

THE Kettledrum is a great and destined to be a glorious institution; for it connotes the union of two opposite and hitherto irreconcilable ideas. The most remarkable feature about the “drum”—next, of course, to the patience with which its victims suffer—is the total absence of all conversational comfort. It is just the sort of scene adapted to the requirements of the Wandering Jew. Nobody has any time to stay to talk to anybody else except by snatches; for there is always some one in the distance who catches your eye; or some one wanting to pass you from the back ground. The weary martyr is driven like a tired Ishmaelite to and from the crowd—beginning broken sentences to ladies in pink, which he is destined never to finish except to some one further on in blue. These are the occasions on which one longs to be an African traveller, who is unaccustomed to the usages of society, or a converted Kaffir chief. They can sit down without feeling abashed, or incurring the censure of polite society, and they need not get up again until they like. No social policeman makes them move on directly they have stopped. This is true pleasure, only it is such as none except savages taste. Perhaps, however, the thorough delights of a sedentary attitude never can be truly appreciated till after a good half hour's walking in a “drum.” The most muscular Christian in England could not stand twenty half miles of such an exercise in twenty consecutive half hours. Nature never has endured it; nor is there perhaps any keener anxiety in life than that with which the patient peripatetic at the end of his third turn round the room—trembling in every pore lest he should be detected in the act—bolts hastily round a corner down the stairs into the open air.

The “Kettledrum” is an invention of the female sex to reconcile man to the terrors of society, as they are seen depicted in the “Drum.” The theory of society is that women are its queens, and that man should always worship them standing. The theory breaks down because the uncultivated male leg cannot abide standing when taken in large quantities. It is wearing to the flesh and depressing to the spirits, and there is nothing more calculated to bring tears into a Guardsman's eyes than being kept at it in a “drum” for hours together. Man as an animal is not built for standing. Chickens are different; they possess the social talent of being able to sleep on one leg; which is perhaps the greatest qualification for a crowded London party, and an excellent reason why a chicken's leg should be called a drumstick. But masculine devotion would never go far, if it always had to perform all its pilgrimages on foot in and out of a hot room, distracted by the additional terror lest it should step on some one's dress. Lest man should flag and faint with such long and dreary foot-service, woman has accordingly designed the “kettledrum.” Short Sunday prayers in Belgravia and Mayfair are meant, as is well-known, for invalids who cannot go through the fatigue of a service of two mortal hours. The London ladies have hit upon the same simple expedient of shortening the drum service, and making it less fatiguing in order to suit delicate male constitutions. There is no excuse for not going to a “kettledrum.” Nobody can pretend they are too tired where there are all the opportunities for sitting in a comfortable

chair, and when tea is provided and administered in plenty under the eye of Beauty itself. Nor can absence at such a quiet ceremony pass unnoticed. A man may go on missing “drums” without being found out except by some fortunate accident; but no one can cut “Kettledrums” on a large scale with impunity. Then, again, the “Kettledrum” promotes confidential intercourse. At a drum a man may see some one in the far crowd to whom he is obliged, according to his own account, to make his way, and who compels him to leave an interesting conversation incomplete. No such miserable social falsehoods are possible at the “Kettledrum.” Fortunately, no escape is easy there for the cowardly being who is afraid of engaging one so much weaker than himself in friendly and amicable colloquy. Nor can he pretend he never saw the being whose eye has been upon him. How is it possible to avoid seeing anybody in a Kettledrum? Such a thing was never heard of even by the most shortsighted of mankind. Lastly, the Kettledrum is framed upon the very best plan for promoting that affable conversation which it necessitates. It is well known that there are only two things in the world which infallibly favour talk. The one is a cigar. More acquaintances, it is said, have been struck up over it in an hour than have been made without it in a year. The other is tea. Men usually prefer the former. Dean Close and the ladies are accustomed chiefly to the latter, and as the Kettledrum is a social and feminine entertainment, tea triumphs for once over tobacco. Both drum and Kettledrum are thus in their different ways victories over masculine foibles. In the former men are made to walk. In the second they are let off walking on condition that they talk. The change is worthy of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to dumb animals.

It is, indeed, so merciful a relaxation for man to be allowed to sit down and admire Heaven's last best work with a moderate support for his weary spine, that he cannot but wish the Kettledrum all possible success. There are moments in hot weather when—hurried about relentlessly from one heated spot to another,—he feels that he would marry any woman straight off who would only allow him to have a chair. It is, perhaps, fortunate for him that his weakness is not known to the other sex. It is generally believed that men—like horses—can go on for ever; and if man's weakness is woman's opportunity, it may be as well that woman should not be aware that man never is so weak as when he has been over-walked. At such times he is at a disadvantage—and a Kettledrum covers and conceals this disadvantage. The economy of leg-power effected is quite incalculable; and there are many ways in which this economy tells. If it takes ten Government clerks in the best Government offices to amuse a beauty for ten minutes at a “drum”—five will be amply sufficient at a “Kettledrum” for even a more protracted period. The discovery has come late, but it has come better late than never. If this year the gentlemen of England show less fatigue of mind in conversation than usual, the ladies of England will understand that it is owing to the diminution in fatigue of body. Tea and bread and butter will have done it all. The change, indeed, will be a comfort to everybody. Beauties will be able to go off the stand—if one may use the irreverent expression—without losing a chance. Those who are not beauties will be able with greater hope of success to fall back on their genius for conversation. It is a step onward in civilization, and deserves the serious approbation of humanity.

GARIBALDI'S DEPARTURE.

THE illustrious Tom Sayers, after his contest with Heenan, being desirous of starring it in the provinces, joined his fortunes to those of a travelling caravan. Upon the occasion of entering a large Midland town, he was seen one day mounted on an elephant. The effect was anything but pleasing to the public. Tom Sayers, the conqueror of Heenan, was positively hissed. It was felt that a great man ought not to get on an elephant's back or to convert himself into a show, and the moral feeling of his admirers revolted from it. From such a reaction as this General Garibaldi has been preserved. His sudden departure has disappointed many, and the matter was clumsily managed in the event. Yet at the bottom of all the clumsiness lay, we may believe, a sincere desire on the part of prudent men to do the best for Italy and for her great hero's dignity. No more welcome guest could ever have arrived upon these hospitable shores. The freest country in Europe may well afford to direct the eyes of its statesmen, its politicians, its merchants, and its labourers to the example afforded us in Garibaldi's person of modesty, of simplicity, and of self-denial. It is not difficult to be a patriot. It is harder far to be simple

and generous. High and splendid ambitions are vulgar ornaments compared with that nobility of nature which can deny itself the gratification of notoriety and power; and whatever General Garibaldi's statesmanlike capacities, he is the man whom it is good for the proudest to honour and admire. The very simplicity which is his charm is, however, the best possible reason why his admirers and lovers are not sorry to bid good-bye to the yacht that carries him to Caprera. He is not an Englishman, he does not know Englishmen, and Heaven has happily preserved him from starring it in the provinces. We send back to Italy this week Italy's representative man as great and as illustrious as he was the first morning that he landed. A succession of Crystal Palace ovations and people's tea gardens would have been a species of Brummagem glory which Italy's friends ought to be thankful he has escaped.

Foreigners are said to be astonished at seeing a simple soldier and artisan received in aristocratic England as a king. The part he has played in Continental politics would of itself render his presence in most foreign capitals an inconvenience. Foreign politics to Englishmen are not a matter of death or life. We watch them as we watch a play, eager for our favourites to win, but breakfasting the morning after with quite as healthy an appetite whether they win or no. The ticklish relations existing between General Garibaldi and several of the crowned heads of Europe cause little concern to any of his entertainers. Even Lord Derby can make friends with him without sacrificing political consistency. It is not often that Englishmen or Englishwomen feel bitterly about anything that happens on the other side of the Channel. But as far as Italy goes, now that Lord Normanby is gone, there is little rancour left among the upper classes which could interfere with Garibaldi's welcome. Of all aristocracies in the world the English aristocracy is always the most ready to admire popular heroes. The story of Garibaldi's vicissitudes is more romantic than any novel. The story of his exploits is more romantic still. Most romantic of all is the story of his generosity. General Garibaldi had far more than enough of requirements to make him a lion of Mayfair. He would in any case have become fashionable, even if he had not been already famous; and the just enthusiasm of the multitude, added to the plaudits of society, combined to make his visit a royal visit in all senses of the word. People soon began to impose on his good-nature. Twice he had been dragged to the Crystal Palace to receive swords and snuff-boxes. At last it was proposed that he should star it—like a London actor—in the provinces. No European monarch would have done it, and it was far better that the hero of the day should retire without heeding the shower of *encores* that would have greeted his appearance.

The warm delight shown by England at his arrival seems to have heartily pleased the Italians. In spite of, and perhaps still more because of, Aspromonte, Garibaldi's name is dear to all Italy. The time will come when the true history of that serious episode in his life will be known. It may then be proved—that those best informed have more than suspected already—that in the last expedition to Sicily, General Garibaldi was more sinned against than sinning. To the end Italians will believe that the Piedmontese Government themselves were privy to the commencement of an enterprise which at last they found it politic to disavow; and if this opinion be correct, it is no wonder that Garibaldi feels a sense of injury and that Italy labours under the burden of ingratitude. Yet, even if Aspromonte is a bitter recollection, Garibaldi may be considered as a type and representative of Italy's principle. Where was Italy sixteen years ago, when General Garibaldi was triumvir of Rome? The interval has seen Garibaldi famous and Italy become free. In commemorating Garibaldi's fame we are, therefore, keeping holiday in honour of the birth of Italy.

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THE ninth report of her Majesty's Civil Service Commission has this week been issued. We shall not trouble our readers with an array of figures. It is more important to note certain facts which the examinations have brought to light. First we find that out of 813 candidates who competed for 253 superior appointments, such as clerkships, 291 were found to be below the minimum standard of a pass examination. Nearly all who failed broke down in the elements of education. This fact is more significant when we observe that, out of 2,334 candidates rejected since 1856, all but 183 failed in orthography, handwriting, or arithmetic. The vast majority are of course the sons of gentlemen aged from seventeen and eighteen to twenty-five. Surely this result is highly discreditable to those who

have had the charge of their education. There is nothing in any of these branches which, to a boy of the most ordinary capacity, should be unattainable. One at least is purely mechanical; the others simple enough. A boy with common application should grow into them, and no doubt would, if instructors did their duty. Yet here we have upwards of 2,000 young men out of 25,000 candidates, who have been rejected for deficiencies which would be disgraceful in a lad who had been brought up by the parish. If they are unfit for the public service on these grounds, for what are they fit?

Another point to be noticed is the carelessness with which testimonials to character are given. Really, there is hardly any class of document which deserves to be regarded with more suspicion than testimonials of this kind. The Commissioners annex to their report a list of cases in which persons of disreputable character obtained nominations on the strength of their vouchers. A. B., for instance, had, under another name, suffered eighteen months' imprisonment for forgery; B. C. had absconded with funds intrusted to him as adjutant and paymaster of a regiment, and had been imprisoned for obtaining goods under false pretences, yet "he produced an unusual number of flattering testimonials from well-known gentlemen occupying high positions, including two peers and four majors-general in the army." We cannot refrain from saying that the conduct of persons who give testimonials without personal knowledge of those for whose characters they vouch, or who, knowing them to be unworthy, conceal the fact, is most reprehensible. It is an injustice to the public service—a wrong done to candidates whose characters are meritorious, but whose testimonials will henceforth be looked on with suspicion. Naturally enough the Commissioners refuse to set any value on "written testimonials, couched in general terms, and passing through the hands of the parties interested." And in truth those who pen these vouchers offend against morality. But the sin is common; and men who would scorn to deviate by a hair from truth in the statement of a fact concerning themselves, out of a culpable easiness and good nature set their hands to statements which are grossly false, to oblige an acquaintance or help some one they are anxious to serve.

GARIBALDI'S DEPARTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Your impression of last week contains a very violent attack upon the editor of the *Morning Herald*, which, if the facts of the case were as you have stated them, would not have been unmerited. But the writer of the article appears to have overlooked my explicit denial of the statement attributed to Mr. Seely. That denial appeared in the columns of the *Daily News* on the 22nd instant, and I inclose it for your satisfaction.

I trust to your sense of honour to afford the only redress you can give me, the publicity of this letter.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

THE EDITOR OF THE "MORNING HERALD."

Morning Herald Office, 103, Shoe-lane, April 26, 1864.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'DAILY NEWS.'"

SIR,—In your report of the meeting of the general committee of the Garibaldi Reception and Testimonial Fund, at the London Tavern, on Tuesday evening, I am referred to, conjointly with the Duke of Sutherland, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Count Saffi, Colonel Peard, General Ebers, Mr. Charles Seely, M.P., Mr. Negretti, and Mr. Stansfeld, as having tendered certain 'advice' to General Garibaldi. Your reporter has unwittingly done me too much honour. I never should have presumed to offer to General Garibaldi 'advice' on any subject, still less as to what was necessary for his 'health and honour.' I knew nothing of the meeting at Stafford-house, or of Mr. Gladstone's mission to General Garibaldi, until Wednesday.

"On that day, in discharge of my duty to the paper with which I am connected, and to the public, I called at Mr. Seely's residence at Prince's-gate, to ascertain, if possible, the real cause of General Garibaldi's departure. I was requested by Mr. Seely to be present at an interview which was about to take place between the General and the noblemen and gentlemen above mentioned, in order that I might draw my own conclusions; but in the conversation which ensued at that interview I took no part, I was merely an attentive listener.

"I am, &c.,

"April 21. "THE EDITOR OF THE 'MORNING HERALD.'"

[The letter to the "Editor of the *Daily News*" did not appear in print till the morning on which our impression of last week was published. We have since been informed that the report of Mr. Seely's speech which we took from the *Daily News* is perfectly accurate. The question therefore is one between the Editor of the *Morning Herald* and Mr. Seely, M.P., not between the Editor of the *Morning Herald* and ourselves.]

WHETHER or not it is true that Prince Alfred, as Lord Brougham remarked at the late Social Science Congress, is one of the best of princes, he has become an immense favourite among the Modern

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Athenians, some of whom have gone the length of seeking locks of his hair from the barber who usually had the honour of cropping his Royal Highness. Like his elder brother, the Prince is a heavy smoker. Nothing, in fact, seems to please him better than a good pipe of tobacco and a chat with two or three cheerful companions. He is also of a mechanical cast of mind, and in his smoking-room at Holyrood he had fitted up a turning lathe, with which he was in the habit of amusing himself by making neat little boxes and other articles as presents for his visitors. In photography he is remarkably proficient, having imbibed a strong relish for it from his mother, who is known to be practically conversant with the art, and to have instructed her family in its details. A photograph of the Prince, taken by himself a few days ago at Holyrood, now forms one of the chief attractions in the saloon of a fashionable and popular artist here. I may further mention, as facts which are not generally known, that his Royal Highness is equally expert on the violin and harmonium. One incident illustrating a highly favourable trait of the Prince's character must not be omitted. Some time ago, as will be remembered, one of his eyes was accidentally blackened while he was playing at racket. The ball, it seems, had been flung against him by a student, who, of course, became greatly annoyed, not to say alarmed, at the result of his awkwardness. The poor fellow manifested extreme and, no doubt, sincere sorrow for the occurrence, but his despondency gave place to hearty admiration when the Prince good-humouredly asked him to dinner at Holyrood Palace next day, in order to lighten the tedium of his Royal Highness's temporary imprisonment. The invitation, I believe, was accepted.—*Edinburgh Correspondent of St. Andrew's Gazette.*

PAYMASTER SMALES and Mr. W. F. Windham have surrendered as bankrupts. Amongst the "birth" announcements of the week is the following:—"April 19, the wife of W. F. Windham, Esq., of Hanworth Hall, Norfolk, at 3A, Upper Westbourne-terrace, Hyde-park, a son and heir." Of Mr. Windham and his fortunes the *Post* speaks as follows:—"In connection with this singular individual, who was adjudicated a bankrupt on Saturday, it should be observed that he has still a very valuable reversionary life interest in a large estate at Hanworth, Norfolk, into the enjoyment of which he will not come until 1868. This estate is worth about £6,000 a year, but is strictly entailed, and will revert in the ordinary course of things to the infant born to Mr. Windham a few days since. It will be observed that Mr. Windham was adjudicated a bankrupt on his own petition, and there is no doubt that he was advised to do so in order to place his affairs under the control and administration of a high legal tribunal. It is only 2½ years since the jury empanelled by Master Warren declared Mr. Windham capable of managing his own affairs; in that brief period he has contrived to dispose of his ancestral estate of Felbrigg to Mr. J. Ketton, of Norwich, to figure in endless suits in the courts of law, and finally to appear before the public a bankrupt."

It has been finally arranged that the informations in the case of the rams seized at Liverpool shall be made the subject of trials at bar. Such a trial has not taken place in this court for many years. When the crown is immediately concerned the Attorney-General has a right to demand a trial at bar. It takes place before the judges of the court and a jury—generally a special jury. The Chief Baron sums up the evidence, and if any question of law arises during the trial, each of the judges delivers his opinion upon it seriatim. A bill of exceptions lies upon the improper reception of evidence. Each of the presiding judges may make such observations to the jury upon the whole case by way of direction as he considers to be requisite. In all other respects a trial at bar is the same as a trial *à nisi prius*; and after it, if the parties be dissatisfied with the verdict, they may move for a new trial as in other cases. The trial has been fixed for Friday, 27th May, which will be in Trinity Term.

A WRIT from the Court of Exchequer was served on the Collector of Customs at Liverpool on Friday week, ordering him to deliver the *Alexandra* to her owners, and in consequence the collector intimated to Messrs. Fletcher & Stone, solicitors for Messrs. Sillem and others, that the vessel would be delivered up on Monday last.

WE understand that there being a great desire amongst the members of the elder service clubs to admit Garibaldi as an honorary member, the question was raised as to whether he actually held a commission in the Italian army. This fact having been ascertained in the negative, a resolution was adopted that it would be contrary to established custom to admit him.—*United Service Gazette.*

M. ALLARD, a distinguished painter, of Lyons, who at the commencement of the winter went to Rome with his mother, wife, and four children, to study the great masters, has just been murdered in his studio. When found he was in a dying state, having received no less than sixteen wounds on the head with a heavy instrument. The murderer is believed to be a man who sat to him as a model for a picture representing "Judas giving the kiss to our Saviour." The model was sitting for the figure of the betrayer. The man has since been arrested in Civita Vecchia.

THE *Hants Advertiser* continues to chronicle the arrival of birds in the neighbourhood of Southampton. The cuckoo and nightingale were, it appears, heard for the first time this season on the 14th inst. "We have had," says a writer in that journal, "for more than a fortnight in our possession two of the beautifully and wonderfully artistic nests of the long-tailed keeping, one on a branch of holly, the other in a dead branch of a maple tree, both of them taken on Southampton common thus early in the season. They are bespangled with tiny specimens of silver-coloured lichens."

WE extract the following amusing story from the Dean of Canterbury's book on "The Queen's English."—A student at one of our military academies had copied a drawing of a scene in Venice, and in copying the title, had spelt the name of the city *Vennice*. The drawing-master put his pen through the superfluous letter, observing, "Don't you know, sir, there is but one *ven* in Venice?" On which the youth burst out laughing. On being asked what he was laughing about, he replied he was thinking how uncommonly scarce eggs must be there. The master, in wrath, reported him to the colonel in com-

mand, a Scotchman. He, on hearing the disrespectful reply, without in the least perceiving the point of the joke, observed "An a varra naatural observaaion too." This puts one in mind of Sydney Smith's observation, that it required a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head. But this rule admits of some splendid exceptions, amongst whom Burns and Sir Walter Scott stand pre-eminent.—*Guardian.*

THE Berlin correspondent of the *Patriot* states an amusing answer given a Sunday or two ago at one of the schools. The clergyman asking, "Why were Adam and Eve turned out of Paradise?" up jumped a boy, and with an eager countenance, as though he felt he knew it, answered, "Because they could not pay their rent." On inquiry it proved that his father and mother had been repeatedly turned out for the same cause, and that the like catastrophe was then impending afresh. Pity was awakened; the case was investigated, a small collection was made, and relief was afforded.

AN American paper gives an account of the funeral of the wife of General Beauregard, and says—"After Catholic service at the house the body was to be carried to the family tomb of the Des Londons, on their plantation, some thirty miles above New Orleans. When the coffin was placed on the magnificent funeral car the procession was formed of women. It was a mile long. Not a carriage was allowed, and the first ladies in New Orleans walked in the procession to the boat. They were the very *élite* of the city. There was scarcely a man in the procession; there were many present, but they walked apart."

It is stated that the Empress of Russia will visit Kissengen and Schwalbach at the end of May, the waters at these places having been prescribed by her Majesty's physicians. Afterwards the Empress will probably pass some weeks at Duchy, on the Lake of Geneva.

M. NADAR announces that he will shortly make another ascent in his balloon, the *Géant*, somewhere on the Mediterranean, and that he will attempt to cross that sea.

THE International Rifle Shooting Match at Vincennes begins on May 22, and will last twelve days. No doubt, as on former occasions, a great many English, Swiss, and German shots will come to try their skill against French troops and amateurs.

It appears from a parliamentary return which was issued on Monday, that 3,409 lives were saved last year by lifeboats, and 2,896 by rocket and mortar apparatus, and assistance with ropes, &c., from shore.

A TUSK of ivory, weighing 81 lb., says the *Cape Argus*, has been taken from the stomach of a bull elephant which has been shot in the Ghashakie River at its junction with the Zambesi.

ONLY twelve persons are now living in the United States who took the American side in the first great revolution there. Of these, one is 105 years old, two are 102, one is 101, one is 100, two are 99, one is 97, and one is 94.

THE eulogium on Joan of Arc, on the occasion of the 435th anniversary of the delivery of the town of Orleans by that heroine, will be delivered this year, on the 8th of May, by Mgr. Dupanloup, bishop of that see.

THE people of Norwich have been rudely handling "Brother Ignatius" and his monastic followers. They walked to and from church on Monday evening, "the festival of St. Mark," and were so hustled and pushed by the crowd that one of the monks was much hurt.

THE eldest son of the rich Elector of Hesse has just been released from prison, after almost a year's confinement for debt.

THE Italian man-of-war *Ré Galantuomo* has arrived safe at Gibraltar from America.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

OXFORD, April 28, 1864.

It is a sore point just now with the Heads, the Tutors, and the Undergraduates of Oxford, that so many men are plucked for their Little-go. That it is a sore point is not to be wondered at. At this time last year the evil appeared to have become so glaring that more than one pamphlet was published discussing the causes of so many failures, and suggesting possible remedies for a portion at least of them. The fact which was most strongly dwelt upon in April, 1863, was that out of 152 candidates, only 101 had obtained a Testamur (this calculation takes no account of 16 names "taken off"). The actual figures of the corresponding examination in the present year give a proportion almost identical.

It is quite true that there must be something wrong somewhere, especially as the examiners' statistics show that a large proportion of those who were unsuccessful failed in all their papers, and "were utterly unfit to undergo any examination." It does of course occasionally happen that there is "a bad lot" in for Responsions, and such a case may possibly coincide with the case of one or more examiners who may be disposed on the whole to raise the standard of work required; but this, though it will somewhat modify, cannot alter the fact that a large percentage of candidates is plucked, and the number does not seem likely to decrease. Different persons attempt to distribute the blame. Some falls on the idleness of the candidate, some on the neglect of college tutors, some on the strictness of examiners, but these will not exhaust one half of it. All who go into the question concur in shifting the great bulk of the blame further back, and bringing a grave charge upon schools and school-masters. It seems simply incredible, if the mass of our boys (taking stupid and clever ones together) were satisfactorily and conscientiously taught, that such a number of failures could be possible. The Little-go examination ought in the great majority of instances to be passed without difficulty,

almost without further special preparation, by boys as they come up from school, where they have professedly been prepared for the University. A knowledge of two books of Euclid or the elementary part of Algebra; an acquaintance with arithmetic as far as decimal fractions; the power of turning an easy piece of English into the baldest Latin that does not violate the most general rules of grammar, and of answering questions on Greek and Latin grammar; the ability to construe a portion from one Greek and one Latin author—this amply suffices to enable a candidate to pass. Is this too much to expect as the result of a classical education extending over an average period of at least eight years? But when we find case after case recur of a total break-down in several of these subjects (remembering that most of the unsuccessful candidates have a second chance of recovering themselves before the examination terminates)—subjects which represent exactly the course of studies pursued in classical schools—what inference must be drawn? Make the largest deduction for individual dullness or idleness, or both, there still remains a heavy count against our schools. And what is equally if not more important is the general verdict of those engaged in education in Oxford, that, with certain noble exceptions, our schools do not generally send boys up to the University well-grounded in the subjects in which they have been taught. There is a method by which the University might do much to abate this evil, by which I believe she might effect more than twenty public-school commissions, and that would be to make Responsions a University matriculation examination, a necessary preliminary for residence. But this would entail so great a present sacrifice that it seems hopeless ever to carry such a vote. It would go directly counter to college interests. As a temperate and thoughtful writer on this question last year remarked, "So long as colleges can be found to admit men either without examination at all, or with an examination carefully graduated to suit the number of rooms vacant, such results as recent Responsions have shown are inevitable." If any one can suggest a really practicable remedy which the University and colleges could accept, and which would also put a pressure upon the educational establishments which feed the University, he will confer a real and a lasting boon. He will have no easy task before him; it will not do on the one hand to empty the University, and on the other no one can honestly propose to lower the standard of Responsions in order to reduce the frequency of the plucks.

There is an old difficulty, which those who have to do with the work and the discipline of the various colleges know only too well. It is the idle interval which comes between the termination of the pass examinations and the end of term. The larger the college and the greater the number of its pass-men, the more seriously does this act as a disadvantage. When the pass-schools are over a number of undergraduates are set absolutely free, with nothing on their hands except to be idle and to help others in being or becoming so. There is not sufficient of the term left to warrant their being put into a fresh course of lectures, and their presence as holiday-makers adds considerably to the difficulties that attend college discipline. Various remedies have been proposed for this acknowledged evil; their object has been, if possible, to meet the case without disturbing, more than is absolutely necessary, the existing system of the examinations and the times at which they are held. An influential meeting of college tutors, and others engaged in tuition in Oxford, assembled in St. Mary's Hall on the 22nd instant to discuss the most practicable means for solving this difficulty. The proposal, which met with the approval of a large majority, and which, at any rate, has the merit of great simplicity, was that in the first and second public examinations the schools for class-men should precede those for pass-men, reversing the present order. This arrangement, while it would interfere with no other part of the University system, would offer to pass-men the advantage of receiving the assistance of their tutors for a little longer time in the term, and would keep them to their work till term was nearly or quite over. This would be really no grievance to the class-men either, as the change proposed could not come into action without due notice. It would also confer a real boon upon examiners, for in this way they would come fresh and unwearied to the class-work, whereas under the present system they have been fagged with perhaps a fortnight of the drudgery of pass-work before the class-work begins. It is to be hoped that this suggestion may meet with general favour if it comes before the University.

The class list for Great-go in this term contains 186 names; of these only 21 offer themselves for honours, and of these 21 no less than 7 are from Balliol alone; Jesus comes next with 3 names, Christ Church sends up 21 pass-men and 1 class-man; and Exeter 22 pass-men and also 1 class-man. It is not often that the difference between the numbers for Pass and Class is so great, though as a general rule candidates for honours prefer the Michaelmas term because the Long Vacation gives so much opportunity for study, and especially for digesting into form the intellectual food offered by tutors and professors during term.

In a Convocation held on the 21st instant, permission was granted to an undergraduate to have his name inserted in the list of candidates for examination, although he had made application after the statutable time for receiving names. It was mentioned incidentally that he had omitted to do so because the Proctors' notice had not appeared in the *Times*, and this gives, I think, a fair opportunity of suggesting to University authorities that there should be some official communication of such intelligence to some

one daily journal, so that non-residents might see notices properly and trustworthily gazetted. As it is, the *Times* falls far behind some other papers in accuracy, nor is the "University Intelligence" inserted in it as early as it might be; as proof of this, I noticed only this term, *inter alia*, that the election of scholars at Merton which terminated, I think, on Saturday, April 9, did not appear in the *Times* till Monday, April 18.

In this summer term, when straw hats with their gay ribbons are worn by nearly every one, it is certainly pleasant to recognize the distinctive college colours, to know them even at a distance; but this good custom is getting quite spoiled by the rapid increase of an absurdity which will, I hope, soon be out of fashion. Every one who is connected with any coterie wears a new ribbon to the neglect of his college colour; it requires a long apprenticeship to learn that a bit of orange with an edge is the "Exeter Adelphi Wine Club"; that another fancy ribbon designates the "Canning Club" (a Conservative nursery for the forcing of future ministers); another is the badge of the "Perambulators" (a cricket set), and so on without end. If it keeps Coventry weavers from starvation we must acquiesce, but it is neither pleasing to the eye, nor does it afford any information to the ordinary observer. Within the last twenty-four hours I have myself seen two ribbons which were absolutely new to me. Caps and gowns are still sold at the principal tailors, and are occasionally worn; but to make them the distinctive academical dress in the streets, even in the hours of the forenoon will require a succession of strict Proctors such as the "oldest inhabitant" cannot recall. As it is, the discipline of one year, just as it is beginning to work, falls through in the next under the reign of popular Proctors, and if it is again resumed, of course it is enforced under many disadvantages. The old Proctorial rules about driving, which used to require the sanction of both Proctor and College Tutor, have helplessly been swept away before a charge of basket-carriages. A stranger coming up to Oxford this term would think that the University was slowly recovering from the effects of an epidemic. Instead of an honest afternoon's exercise on the river or in the cricket field, half a hundred stalwart young fellows take a gentle airing in a pony carriage, reclining at an angle of 45°, only enlivened by the pony running away, which is a gift of Oxford ponies. If Mr. Kingsley, as the Apostle of muscular Christianity, saw these degenerate Romans, he would surely demand from each of them an "Apologia pro vita sua." What a trenchant work this "Apologia" promises to be! Without entering into the deeper merits of the case, Oxford cannot help feeling that it is a sort of sculling-race between the two universities, and that Father Newman has drawn away with a sharp working-stroke, while the Professor is rowing rather "wild." We must wait till they get nearer home to decide which is to win.

The various colleges have settled down into steady training for the eight-oared races, which are coming on so soon. Trinity, the head boat, seems destined to hold her honourable place—at least it is a significant fact when out-college men bet on them rather than against them.

There has been quite a gloom cast over the University by the sudden death of one of her most promising scholars, Mr. George Herbert Durham, a B.A. of Queen's College, who had attained the highest mathematical honours possible, and had gained both the Junior and Senior Mathematical scholarships in succession. Those who knew his powers in this branch of study spoke of him as quite a genius. But at the early age of 24, when the promise of his life seemed just opening, on the very threshold of further distinction, he was cut off by a sudden illness, deeply regretted by his many personal friends, and by his college, of which he was so brilliant an ornament.

THE CHURCH.

HOW SHALL THE CHURCH BE SUPPLIED?

IN common with all well-wishers to the Church of England, we desire to see her legitimate influence extended, and the efforts of all crowned with success, who are willing to lend a helping hand to the work. Nowhere is that extension more required than in this vast metropolis. A variety of causes, which we need not specify here, have within the last few years expanded the capital of this empire far beyond its ancient limits. The increase of church accommodation and church control, though more rapid than at any other period of our history, has fallen far short of our increase in wealth and population. In every suburb, in all directions, a new generation rises; houses multiply with inconceivable rapidity; miles upon miles of open fields are occupied within the brief space of a few months, and yet there seems no end. The floating mass of visitors swells from day to day; new accommodations are required, and are provided with all that activity which attends successful speculations. And yet they are not sufficient for the demand. With this enormous increase of building, house-rent and lodgings are dearer than ever; every eligible spot is pounced upon by greedy contractors, covered with bricks and mortar, and invaded by as greedy tenants, willing to pay almost any exorbitant demand for rent, long before the bricks and mortar have had time to dry and consolidate.

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provision for the people should keep pace with the population; and the Bishop of London is justly alarmed with the prospect before him. No conscientious prelate, anxious to do his duty, could behold so many thousands growing up, and daily increasing by thousands, in the very heart of his diocese, without feeling that a great necessity rested upon him of doing something, and that something at once. All must feel that every minute's delay is dangerous. If the evil to be grappled with is great and almost unmanageable, every hour augments it in a geometrical ratio. In such a state of things men are apt to think that any scheme is better than none at all; that it is wiser to meet the danger that threatens them with half-considered and confessedly inefficient means, than, by the delay which maturer consideration would demand, allow the mischief to grow to a head when the wisest plans would prove ineffectual. If, therefore, the Bishop of London's proposal for church extension be defective and even objectionable in some of its details, that is no more than might have been expected. Possibly experiment will, in this as in other things, prove the best adviser. The only caution required is that there be no such mistake in the outset as shall prove fatal to success; no impracticable *remora* that shall develop its impracticableness with every step of the scheme, and eventually overthrow it.

The Bishop has two difficulties ahead—first, to provide the necessary subscriptions; and next, the much greater difficulty of providing the men. To bring one hundred additional curates into the diocese of London he must raise such a fund as will enable him to expend annually £100,000. The Bishop in his report considers that no less a number than "500 additional clergy would be needed in order to bring the diocese up to the desired standard of efficiency." If this be so, according to his present statistics, it must be obvious that long before the subscriptions have been raised to enable the Bishop to pay half a million annually for these 500 additional curates, at the present rate of increase in the population of London, the supply will have fallen far short, by the end of the term, of the actual deficiency, and the real standard of efficiency will not have been attained. But there is another evil which deserves consideration. No one who has watched the operation of any charitable subscriptions can doubt that the area from which subscriptions can be raised for ecclesiastical purposes is limited. It may seem a platitude to assert that in this metropolis, at all events, the only men that work are those who do work; and the only men that give are those that do give. Great exertions or the pressure of some very strong motive may increase the areas of both; and we may charitably hope that a sense of their duty will in time be brought to bear with greater power on those who are outside the circle. But whatever charity may hope, prudence can only be guided by present facts. In such a scheme as this, we can only calculate results from actual experience. Nor, indeed, can it be doubted, nor does the Bishop himself seem to doubt, that in all projects set on foot for church extension and accommodation, the main support has hitherto come from the clergy. Their contributions towards such objects have far exceeded those of the laity. In the building of schools and erection of churches throughout the country, the clergy have been conspicuous for their liberality and their exertions. They have on almost all occasions borne the greatest share of the burthen.

From the clergy, therefore, the Bishop cannot look for any extended support, however great their willingness; nor would it be reasonable to expect it. They are taxed to the uttermost. It is not too much to say that every improvement in our parochial system, every new effort to extend schools and render the administration of the Church more efficient, is attended with a serious and permanent increase of the fiscal burthens of the clergy. Whilst there has been a general increase in the wealth of the country, there has been no proportionate increase in clerical incomes. They have remained stationary, whilst the tax upon their means has vastly multiplied in comparison with those of a previous generation. Even the advantages of cheapness supposed to attach to a residence in the country have disappeared in the extension of railways; and if the clergy be further encumbered with demands upon their charity, the time will not be far distant when, instead of having to consider what can be done to increase the number of our curates, we shall be obliged to grapple with the graver question: What shall be done to improve the condition of the incumbents? From the clergy therefore, in general, the Bishop of London must not expect much more than their good wishes.

From the laity he would have a right to expect something beyond this if they are to bear their proportion of the burthen. But then the subject must be urged, and advocated, and reiterated, and the minds of the laity roused to the necessity of exertion. There are doubtless many liberal and generous laymen

in the community; but their number is not legion, nor are their funds illimitable. It is the habit of most of them to set aside a fixed portion of their income for charitable purposes. And this habit is more reliable and more certain than the sudden impulses of emotions soon burnt out, though not soon kindled. But then comes the danger, of which we have had experience already, of charity like the ocean gaining apparently on one shore only to recede from the other; of increasing in its motion not in its bulk; and while new and meritorious projects are set on foot, and recommended with all the temptations and attractiveness of novelty, older charities may pine from neglect. We have too much reason to fear that this is the case at present. At all events, it is a danger from which the Bishop of London's scheme is not entirely exempted.

But admitting that this difficulty can be successfully overcome, there stands another in the way; we refer to the paucity of able and eligible men who are candidates for holy orders. Whilst the wealth and population of the country have increased enormously within the last twenty years, there has been no proportionate increase in the number of students who enter our great universities. Of those who do enter, and take their degrees, a large proportion, contrary to the practice of earlier years, are drafted off to the great schools of the country, and are practically lost to the Church; the law, the insurance offices, commerce, the civil service, absorb many more; the residuum available for the ministry, even when the actual number of students is not diminished in the aggregate, is by these causes greatly diminished, and instead of augmenting bids fair to grow less every year. The deficiency is alarming; it has become more startling since the late university reforms, by abolishing clerical foundations, turned the funds intended for the promotion of learning in connection with the Church into mere prizes for scholarships, and exhibitions for needy students at the bar. Attempts have been made to supply that deficiency by drawing candidates for orders from inferior classes; and much has been done of late to facilitate their admission to the ministry by the establishment of theological colleges. On that subject criticism is useless;—equally useless is it to wish that the proportion of literates (as they are called) should not exceed that of more regularly educated men from the Universities. Such an order is a necessity; the Church could not go on without them, and the day is not far distant when they will constitute the great body of the clergy; and unless some changes take place in our Universities, a clergyman from Oxford or Cambridge will be not the rule but the exception. Yet even these theological seminaries are not well supported, nor do their numbers increase, so far as we have been able to discover.

These, then, are the difficulties ahead of the Bishop of London's scheme which must be fairly faced. We have stated them thus broadly and impartially, not from any wish to throw discouragement in his way, but for the purpose of considering what means, if any, can be brought in aid of church extension in London and elsewhere.

THE LATE BISHOP OF ELY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Whilst admiring the wit of your late articles about bishops, and thinking that wit in the main well directed, I should be unwilling that the late Bishop of Ely should be supposed by any of your readers to have been merely a dilettante collector of articles of vertu. He had indeed a magnificent collection, though its excellence was, I believe, due more to great taste used through a long life than to any extravagant outlay. But it ought to be remembered that he was a bachelor, who for a great number of years had enjoyed a good income as successively Tutor of Catherine Hall, Regius Professor of Divinity, Dean of Westminster, and Bishop of Ely; that his charities were always large when he was giving; and that he bequeathed to charitable institutions the whole of his property, inclusive of that arising from the sale of his collection.

THE MAY MEETINGS.—The anniversaries of the religious societies known as the "May Meetings," although some of them are held in April, and some in June, have been fixed. The following are the principal, with the names of chairmen and places of meeting, some of which have already been held:—April 28, Baptist Missionary, Exeter Hall, Lord Radstock; Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, St. James's Hall, the Archbishop of Canterbury; Revision of the Prayer Book, Willis's Rooms, Lord Ebury; Malta Protestant College, Willis's Rooms, the Earl of Shaftesbury; April 29, Christian Vernacular Education, Willis's Rooms, the Duke of Argyll; Church of England Scripture Readers, Hanover-square Rooms, the Bishop of London; May 2, Wesleyan Missionary, Exeter Hall, the Right Hon. J. Napier; Protestant Reformation, Hanover-square Rooms, Lord Calthorpe; May 3, Church Missionary, Exeter Hall, Earl of Chichester; May 4, British and Foreign Bible Society, Exeter Hall, the Earl of Shaftesbury; Systematic Beneficence, Exeter Hall, the Earl of Shaftesbury; May 5, London City Mission, Exeter Hall, Mr.

Joseph Hoare; Church Pastoral Aid, St. James's Hall, the Earl of Shaftesbury; Sunday School Union, Exeter Hall, Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P.; May 6, London Society for Jews, Exeter Hall, Earl of Harrowby; Governesses' Benevolent Institution, Hanover-square Rooms, the Earl of Shaftesbury; Religious Tract Society, Exeter Hall, Lord Benholme; May 7, Royal Naval Female School, United Service Institution, the Earl of Shrewsbury; May 9, British and Foreign School, Borough-road, Earl Russell; Ragged School Union, Exeter Hall, the Earl of Shaftesbury; May 10, Irish Church Missions, St. James's Hall, Mr. J. C. Colquhoun; Soldiers' Friend and Army Scripture Readers, Willis's Rooms, Archbishop of York; British Society for Jews, Willis's Rooms, Lord Calthorpe; May 11, Colonial and Continental Church Society, St. James's Hall, the Marquis of Cholmondeley; May 12, London Missionary, Exeter Hall, Lord Ebury; Foreign Aid Society, Hanover Square Rooms, Marquis of Cholmondeley; May 17, Peace Society, Finsbury Chapel, Mr. Pease, M.P.; May 19, British and Foreign Sailors', Sailors' Institute, Shadwell, the Earl of Shaftesbury; National Temperance, Exeter Hall, Mr. S. Morley; May 26, Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, St. James's Hall, the Earl of Harrowby; Ragged Church and Chapel Union, Exeter Hall, Mr. R. Baxter; June 1, Field-lane Ragged Schools, Field-lane, the Earl of Shaftesbury; June 6, Strangers' Home for Asiatics, Willis's Rooms, Lord H. Cholmondeley; June 7, Lord's Day Rest Association, Exeter Hall, Mr. W. Morley; June 24, London Female Penitentiary, Pentonville-road, the Earl of Chichester.

Of the present bishops, Lord Palmerston has had the nomination of 13 (including Peterborough, which will be filled in a day or two), namely, Canterbury, York, London, Durham, Carlisle, Ely, Gloucester and Bristol, Norwich, Peterborough, Ripon, Rochester, and Worcester. Such a circumstance, or anything like it, of one Minister nominating nearly half the English episcopate was never before known in the Church of England.—*Express*.

The local journals state that a mutiny has broken out in the Benedictine Monastery at Norwich during the absence of Brother Ignatius. Two of the "brethren" ran off last week, with the habiliments of the order, and two others followed their example soon after, escaping by the back window.

SCIENCE.

THE ROMAN ROAD AT MALTON.—In constructing one of the main sewers at Malton, the ancient Roman road from that place to Aldborough and Dunsley, near Whitby, has been opened all along the Newbegin-street, leading out of Malton on the north. The Roman road lies about seven feet under the present way, and is covered with rubbish, ashes, and stone, which are supposed by the local antiquaries to be the refuse of the town after its destruction by fire in the 12th century by Archbishop Thurston. The Roman road is paved with large blocks of limestone infilled with concrete; its surface is lowest in the middle, as if for a waterway. The only relics found were a few pieces of pottery, a portion of a short sword, and an illegible coin.

A SCRAP that will interest antiquaries comes to us from Dover. While some workmen were excavating in the immediate neighbourhood of that town last Monday, they came upon some very interesting Roman remains, buried at a depth of 10½ feet from the surface. The articles discovered comprised a *dolium*, 22 inches high and 18½ inches in diameter, in which was a remarkably beautiful long-necked glass *ampulla*, 7 inches high, in perfect preservation, marked with some letters not yet satisfactorily deciphered; another *dolium* of similar character, containing a broken *patena*, 7½ inches in diameter, of Samian ware; a roughly-glazed vessel of black ware, 14 inches high and 13 inches in diameter; a gracefully formed vessel, 10 inches high, nearly perfect. At the bottom of the vases, calcined human bones were found, which is somewhat remarkable, as they are such vessels as were used for domestic purposes, and quite unlike proper cinerary urns. These relics have been carefully preserved, and extensive excavations will shortly be made on the spot, when it is believed that further discoveries will result, of much interest to the antiquarian.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Dr. Selater announced that Mr. Latimer, the Austrian Consul at Porto Rico, had offered, through Lieutenant-Colonel Cavan, to obtain some living manatees for the Society, and that arrangements were being made for the transport of those animals to this country. He also reported the safe arrival of Mr. Thompson, the Society's head keeper, at Calcutta, with the collection of birds presented by the Society to the Babor Rajendra Mullick. Mr. Thompson had been very successful in conveying the collection, having lost but a single bird out of the whole number entrusted to his care.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.—The President of the Geographical Society announced at the meeting on Monday that intelligence had been received of the return of Dr. Livingstone to the Zambesi in good health, and that his arrival in this country might be shortly expected.

The demolition of the Church of St. Mary of Guelders in Edinburgh is a subject that will be brought forward at the Archaeological Institute on Friday next.

LAKE-DWELLINGS IN IRELAND.—Remains of crannoges have been discovered below the present level of Lake Loughrea by Mr. Kinahan.

FINE ARTS.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

A SOCIETY and an institute, two separate and distinct bodies of artists, the first in the world in their particular and chosen sphere, the creators, in fact, of a style comparatively new, and not yet fully developed, yet neither recognised in the remotest manner by the Academy of Arts, nor, indeed, by the recent report of the Royal

Commission in reference to the condition of our artists and the schools. Unless water-colour painters differ from all the race of artists in being utterly indifferent to the distinction of titles, there would seem to be no reason, judging from their great merit in art, why they should not take the highest academic rank. There was a time, more than half a century back, when water-colour painting was a very feeble affair, and might have justly been ignored by the painters of the *haute école* of West and Barry; it was separated then by its inferiority; but now the question is, whether it is not distinguished by its superiority and refinement? Having before alluded to the interesting point, that excellence in art is not confined to any means, we can appeal to this exhibition as showing this in a remarkable manner. The pictures by Mr. F. W. Burton have every quality of expression, and something more in the sentiment of colour, than we ever see amongst the oil painters. His larger work, "Hellelil and Hildebrand" (82), is full of the finest feeling for art, and for poetic expression. The subject, chosen from an old Norse ballad, is the meeting of a chivalrous young soldier-knight with his lady-love upon the stairs of a castle turret. We could fancy that this was a first and hasty avowal of love from the startled look of the lady, as she passes on up the stairs not daring to look at her lover, who has forgotten his usual command over himself so far as to seize her arm and clasp it to his mailed breast, imprinting a kiss upon the sleeve only. The movement in the two figures is singularly well suggested by the good drawing; the arm of the lady, so passive, and yet in the next moment to be withdrawn in all maiden modesty, is beautifully expressive of the meaning of the painter. The treatment is throughout of the most refined order, and the technical beauties of the picture, especially in colouring, are admirable. 139. The child Miranda, in a different sentiment, is an equally beautiful work. The idea is of Miranda, as she may have wandered on the shore listening, and dreaming of those "sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not"—the voice of nature, that we love to listen to. She raises one hand instinctively, and her whole face is rapt in wondering enjoyment and innocence. Here, again, we observe the finest sense of colour in the painting, not that timid notion of colour which ends in quiet, not to say dull, harmonies, but a more venturesome fantasy of the palette, in which the least error of tint would produce a discord between the pure and iris-like colour of the nautilus shell and the fair skin of the child, or a transition too abrupt and harsh to the deep rich green of the passion-flower forming the background of the picture. Mr. F. Walker, hitherto known only as an artist illustrator in the magazines, and the youngest member of the Society, certainly takes at once a high position amongst the painters of domestic subjects. His very beautifully coloured drawing of a subject from the late Mr. Thackeray's "Philip," representing Philip, with his little son and daughter and his wife, at church, is really far beyond anything we see of this kind by the painters in oil colour. In the higher quality of expression, nothing can surpass in delicacy and unconscious childlike innocence the little fair-haired girl reading out of the same prayer-book with Philip, and the boy looking so intensely determined to be good. As examples of delicate colouring, the Garden-scene (131) and "Spring" (92) are surprisingly truthful. The last is a large drawing of a boy and girl gathering primroses in a wood, the girl breaking through the branches, eager to gather the best nosegay. Mr. Smallfield studies in the same conscientious manner, though it may be with something less natural in his choice of subject; still his drawings claim very great praise. "The Time of Roses" (46) is noticeable for purity of colour. "Julia" (126), in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," vowing she'll get a periwig to hide her yellow hair, and look like Sylvia's auburn, very pretty in sentiment, and so of the two young lovers (309). "The Slave of the Fishpond," a naked Moorish lad lying on the stone basin of the pond, fishing up goldfish, shows as much the tendency to eccentricity of subject as the ability of the artist to paint well. The other figure-subjects in the exhibition evince little of the effort to advance that distinguishes those we have referred to. Mr. Topham's groups of peasants are charmingly touched, and not without a certain conventional indication of feeling, but nothing more. Mr. Jenkins cultivates the same easy mode. Mr. Walter Goodall aspires to more originality, and his picture of the "Breton Interior" (260) possesses, beyond its beauty of colour and good study in the drawing of the figures, genuine expression in the heads. Mr. Frederick Tayler does not aim higher than many of his brother water-colour painters, delightfully picturesque as his "Mistress of the Buckhounds," a somewhat mythological lady, however, may be. It is not in this direction that the art is to be advanced. Mr. Carl Haag has nothing this year quite equal to his admirable sketches from nature in the desert, and none of his drawings, beautifully coloured as they are, can be said to surpass the same style of work in oil colour.

Mr. John Gilbert's drawings get larger, and his subjects more ambitious after the historical in style; but with all his great facility of hand, and a certain ready knack of pictorial composition, his works lack so much of thought and artistic culture that they are not far removed from what must be called decorative art, and certainly do little on the expressional side of art. His two large drawings, "The Battle of the Boyne" (20) and "The Trial Scene in the Merchant of Venice" (130), are two of his best works.

But the water-colour painters have their mediaevalists; they cannot escape this frightful heresy of modern art. One Mr. Jones, who delights in writing himself, in old English letters, Edwardus Jones, upon prominent landmarks, stuck in his foregrounds like Gothic labels, honours the exhibition with several of his works

of the only true style. Imagine the Annunciation treated with the Virgin kneeling in her *robe de chambre* by the side of a veritable four-poster with crimson hangings, the angel on the opposite side peeping, with head awry, over the rails, and the whole standing apparently on a structure of piles like the ancient huts of the Swiss lakes discovered by the students of primæval races. In another, we have a miracle of the Church painted—nothing less than the figure of the crucifix becoming animated and bending over to kiss a good knight, who declined to smash his enemy when he had conquered him. Another represents a Cinderella of the tenth century with the absurd anachronism of a *dressoir* covered with willow-pattern plates of undoubted Staffordshire origin. The society have made a blunder in admitting this miserable and most unworthy trash.

There are several very beautiful landscapes by Mr. Birket Foster, which we hope to notice, with others, on a future occasion.

THE FRENCH AND FLEMISH EXHIBITION.

ALTHOUGH we have no gem of Meissonier's this year for our artists to look upon with envy, yet the value of the exhibition to artists, and the interest it possesses for the virtuosi, is perhaps higher than it has ever been. There are two superb works of Gallait, the famous painter of Belgium, the founder of a school, and the foremost artist of the historic style in our time. These two works are an exhibition of themselves, and we can only regret that they do not occupy a place on our Academy walls, where they would have forced a more close and direct comparison with works of the same aim by our own painters. However, it is to be hoped that the influence of such noble pictures will be felt and acknowledged as our painters, and all the world did of this artist's great works in the International Exhibition. They are, if possible, higher in feeling, more forcible in expression, and in more perfect good taste than the pictures of "The Last Moments of Count Egmont" and the "Last Honours rendered to the Counts Egmont and Horn." The subjects of these later works are taken from the same period, and in one the "same persons figure, while the moral of the two is of the same in sentiment as when the painter chose his earlier themes from the frightful deeds of religious persecution." In one we see Vargas taking the oath on his appointment as President of the Council of Blood, in presence of Alva and other members of the horrid fraternity; in the other "Counts Egmont and Horn are listening to their sentence of death on the eve of execution." It is hard to say which is the finer work of the two; perhaps on the whole the last-mentioned is, as it is quieter and more imposing in the noble figure of Egmont, who has risen from his seat by his fellow-martyr, and looks towards the stolid greffier reading the sentence with profound contempt and the proudest courage. More energetic and fiery than his companion, who keeps his seat half smiling with indifference, he would have made some gesture of defiance, but his faithful confessor holds his hand, restraining him, and whispers words of higher moment in his ear. Expression of the most intense kind, without breaking the just limits of the art of beauty, breathes throughout these pictures; and yet, though every attitude and countenance betokens so much and so exactly the intention of each personage, there is not one who looks self-conscious that he is an actor in the living picture. This is the rare excellence that we miss in nearly all pictures of our school. Our artists seem to manufacture too much, without trusting and putting faith in their art, and waiting for its inspiration. Here we see compositions in unity, not made up of irrelevant parts thrown in to look picturesque or to fill up the canvas. The interest of the spectator is so completely attracted to the principal figures by a masterly art of composition, and the earnest look of every face, that the scene lives at once before the eye. The painter has concealed himself behind his picture, unlike so many who are perpetually at our elbow prompting us with their parade of artistic tricks. There is abundant beauty of colour in both these works, and infinite truth of study, but all so modestly dealt with, that it only helps to heighten the feeling of enjoyment—it entrances the eye while the mind is thinking over the subject. In the picture of "Vargas taking the Oath," perhaps the painting him in a scarlet cloak is open to objection, as unnecessarily suggestive of his bloody-mindedness; but it is so skilfully done that no incongruity with the whole is perceptible, and the artifice is a licence legitimate enough to the painter. This picture is very remarkable for the violent action of the two men placing their hands on the document before Vargas, on which he lays his, touching with the other the hilt of his sword. Another striking figure is the monk in the background raising the crucifix; and scarcely less so the seated figure of Alva, in a magnificent suit of gold-inlaid armour, leaning forward with his hand buried in his long grey beard, as if to hide the satisfaction his mouth might smile at hearing Vargas utter an oath of his own, more bloody and cruel than the prescribed form before him. But no description of ours could serve in place of seeing these pictures, which take rank amongst the highest of modern art.

It is most strange to find a contemporary of the same country painting in so opposite a style in every way as M. Henry Leys. We know that pictures like (97) "Going to Church on New Year's Day, sixteenth Century, Antwerp," and others by this eminent painter, could not be painted without infinite labour and great knowledge, but that they must be the result of some perversion of taste—some morbid feeling, is the only way to account for an artist copying the manner of an obsolete and feeble time in art, when beauty was ignored for hard realities. If this course were correct

or even pardonable, we might remove from our sight the marbles of the Parthenon, and place before our public the mediæval statues of Wells Cathedral, and there are those, we believe, who would rejoice at such an improvement in the British Museum. The simple answer to a painter who takes up this line of painting is, that light and colour were the same in the fifteenth century as they are now; the truth and beauty we delight in, as arising from those eternal causes and effects, are not to be transformed by any dogma into that which is false and unenjoyable in art. All attempts to put back the development of painting seem to us futile and not loyal on the part of an artist unquestionably gifted naturally with great powers.

There are many pictures of comparatively minor interest in the exhibition which we will merely name, as Mr. Israel's "Poor Widow's Removal" (70); M. Plassau's capital scene from the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" (117); Mr. Edouard Frere's "Saying Grace" (48); M. Gerome's extremely picturesque work the "Nile Barge" (58); M. Sorey's "Sledge Travelling in Russia," and other clever pictures of the kind; M. Lies "Lambs and the Wolf" (100); Madame Jerideau's "The Shipwrecked" (74), a large work. M. Achenbach's "Ostend Jetty" (1), and M. Vibert's "French Artists taking their Siesta in a Spanish Posada."

The Exhibition of the Royal Academy opens on Monday next. The private view was made yesterday (Friday), and the grand annual dinner comes off this evening. Sir Edwin Landseer's portrait of the Queen, and Mr. Henry O'Neil's picture of the Landing of the Princess Alexandra are likely to be attractive pictures. Landseer's "Polar Bears" will no doubt be thought more wonderful than the real live specimens, and one of his greatest triumphs over the brute creation.

The collection of Mulready's studies from the life, which we recently noticed, have been sold during the last four days of the week at Messrs. Christie and Manson's.

MUSIC.

THE various Shakespearian concerts which have been taking place within the last fortnight have all been singularly deficient in those features which alone would have given an historical and illustrative value to them. The occasion was one which offered an excellent opportunity for a series of musical performances illustrating the progress of dramatic music, as well as the influence exercised by Shakespeare on the composers of different ages and nations. The contemporary settings of Shakespeare's lyrics, and the then popular airs incidentally referred to in his plays, with some of the "curtain-tunes" and "act-tunes" used in the theatres of the period, would have possessed great historical and antiquarian interest, and would have led pleasantly to the gradual progress, in chronological order, of the later and more elaborate musical illustrations of the poet. In no one instance, however, has there been even an approach to such a purpose. The selections have consisted of those materials only which were ready to hand, and the appropriation of which involved no trouble or research, and little cost; and these have been thrown together without even the semblance of order or arrangement. Some of the poet's words have been reset, and overtures with Shakespearian titles have been written, by aspiring young composers, who have rather shown their self-esteem than due knowledge of their own powers and the reverence due to the occasion. In short, the general result of the musical celebrations has been a series of extemporized miscellaneous performances, the real end of which would seem to have been merely to attract audiences under colour of a purpose which has certainly not been realized. Of the Philharmonic "Shakespeare" concert we have already spoken. Next in order came the performances at the Agricultural Hall; followed by a "celebration" concert at St. James's Hall yesterday week, at which Mr. Harold Thomas's overture to "As You Like It" was repeated, confirming the opinion which we have already expressed of it. At this concert the jumble of airs from Italian operas with Shakespearian lyrics, permissible as it may be at an avowedly miscellaneous concert, was destructive of all semblance of the professed object of the evening. The Crystal Palace concert on Saturday certainly possessed the merit of being limited in selection to pieces of Shakespearian association, but even there there was the want of that historical interest which might have been so easily obtained by a little research and some method and order in the arrangement. No better counsel seems to have prevailed at Stratford. The performance of Handel's "Messiah," however irrelevant in itself, may be justified by the religious proceedings which were associated with the ceremonies of the occasion, as well as by the precedent of former celebrations; but the miscellaneous "Shakespearian" concerts which followed were, like the London performances, imperfect and unhistorical in their selection, and tending to no result as a real illustration of the subject. Some of the specimens seem to have been chosen on very slight grounds of association. Thus, Weber's scena, "Was sag ich?" written originally for Madame Milder Hauptmann, to a German text, with a very different purpose, having been republished here, and fitted to words descriptive of "Portia lamenting the loss of Brutus's confidence," was seized on as a fit illustration for the Stratford programme. On such a principle any piece of music whatever might be diverted to Shakespearian uses, but it would not be the less irrelevant and far-fetched. A medley overture, too, which was

one of the specimens announced, had as little real connection with the subject. Why has not some of Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" music been given? It may not possess what we consider Shakespearean qualities, but it is interesting, as showing the influence of the subject on a French imagination. But it is needless to detail the omissions and shortcomings which have characterized all these musical performances—nothing could have been more loosely contrived or more desultory and unsatisfactory in result; and a really Shakespearean concert, or series of concerts, historically and nationally (or internationally) illustrative of the subject, is yet in the future.

The following programme of the second concert of the New Philharmonic Society on Wednesday is especially rich in its selection of the orchestral pieces, which are not only individually excellent, but also representative of very opposite schools:—

| PART I. | |
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| Overture (Der Alchymist) | Spohr. |
| Romance, "O vecchio cor," Signor Colonese | Verdi. |
| Scena, "Non mi dir," Mdlle. Fricci | Mozart. |
| Symphony, in C. | Schubert. |
| Aria, "Il mio tesoro," Signor Neri-Baraldi | Mozart. |
| Cavatina, "Come è bello," Mdlle. Fricci | Donizetti. |
| Overture (Guglielmo Tell) | Rossini. |
| PART II. | |
| Concerto, in G. Pianoforte, Mr. J. F. Barnett | Beethoven. |
| Trio, "Guai se ti sfugge," Mdlle. Fricci, Signor Neri-Baraldi, and Signor Colonese | Donizetti. |
| Overture (Ruy Blas) | Mendelssohn. |

Spohr's sombre overture, with its glowing instrumental colouring, and its admirably wrought climax—Rossini's sparkling and exciting overture to his greatest dramatic work—and Mendelssohn's impassioned prelude to Victor Hugo's romantic play, are all masterpieces in their respective styles, and, in their association, realized that strong contrast which should always be an element in the construction of a concert programme. Schubert's symphony, too—a prolonged abstract reverie by one of the most ideal composers after Beethoven—was most welcome on its repetition by this society, where, as with the Musical Society of London, it has found a cordial recognition which was refused it by the elder Philharmonic Society, notwithstanding the solicitations of Mendelssohn. Each successive hearing of this work renders its beauties more apparent, even to those who at first were inclined to underrate it on account of its length and diffuseness. It certainly is both long and diffuse; but Schubert was not capable of that close and compact thought which characterizes the greatest masters, and having founded his style on the later idealism of Beethoven, his tendency is to vagueness and indefiniteness of outline. He never rises, as Beethoven constantly does, to the sublime; but he is full of a dreamy, poetical, and abstract beauty, which entitles him to rank as a genius of a high, although not of the highest, order. The most clearly constructed and coherent portion of the symphony is the "andante," a movement which only Schubert or Beethoven could have produced. The whole work was very well performed by the excellent orchestra over which Dr. Wylde has the good fortune to preside. The remaining instrumental piece, Beethoven's concerto, was capitally played by Mr. Barnett, whose mechanism is very finished in its precision. His cadenzas were brilliant displays of execution, with perhaps a little excess of scale passages. The concerto was well accompanied on the whole, with the exception of a slight confusion among the wind-instruments just before the cadenza in the first movement. Neither the vocal music nor the vocalists call for any special remark, save that Signor Colonese requires more finish of style and better intonation before he can take rank either on the stage or in the concert-room; and that Mdlle. Fricci changed the aria of Donizetti for another without explanatory reason.

At the Royal Italian Opera, "Un Ballo in Maschera" has been reproduced, with Mdlle. Lagrue as Amelia. Each fresh performance of this lady confirms our opinion, already expressed, of her very high accomplishments, both vocal and dramatic; and she has now taken an assured position as an excellent tragic singer. On the same occasion there was a first appearance in the person of Mdlle. Tati as Ulrica. The new comer has an agreeable voice, rather of mezzo-soprano than of contralto quality, and seems to possess intelligence both as an actress and a singer. We shall doubtless have further occasion to speak of her.

At Her Majesty's Theatre, a new basso, Signor Junca, has appeared as Oroveso in "Norma." As this gentleman is announced for Falstaff, in Nicolai's opera, to be produced next week, we shall reserve our remarks on him until that more important occasion.

A benefit concert is announced for Tuesday next, at St. James's Hall, by Mr. Austin, who manages the ticket department and the arrangement of seats there, and deserves well of the frequenters of the hall for the efficiency of his administration.

The annual general meeting of the Art Union of London was held on Monday in the Adelphi Theatre. The report stated that the subscriptions for the present year amount to the sum of £12,469. 16s. For the ensuing year every subscriber will be entitled to receive a fine line engraving by Lumb Stocks, A.E.R.A., after W. P. Frith, R.A. The list of prizes for the present distribution includes facsimiles of a drawing, "Young England," by Mr. A. D. Frith, executed in chromo-lithography by Mr. Vincent Brooke, and of a drawing entitled, "Wild Roses," by Mr. Birket Foster, chromo-lithographed by Mr. Hashart,

both very successfully produced; also proof impressions of a beautiful series of etchings by the late Mr. R. Brandard. The list of prizes will also include a certain number of examples of the bust, in porcelain, of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, prepared for the association last year. The amount set apart for the purchase of works of art from the public galleries by the prizeholders themselves is divided in this manner:—32 works at £10 each; 32, at £15; 20, at £20; 20, at £25; 12, at £35; 12, at £40; 10, at £50; 6, at £75; 3, at £100; 2, at £150; 1, at £200; total 150. To these are added—4 statuettes in bronze, "Caractacus," from the statue by J. H. Foley, R.A.; 150 statuettes in porcelain, "Go to Sleep," from the original by Joseph Durham; 150 busts in porcelain of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, from the original, by Mrs. Thorneycroft; 150 pairs of bas-reliefs in fictile ivory, of subjects from Milton, by E. Wyon and R. Jefferson; 200 chromo-lithographs, "Young England;" 200 chromo-lithographs, "Wild Roses;" 170 volumes of etchings, by R. Brandard; 30 silver medals, commemorative of Bacon, sculptor; making in all 1,204 prizes, in addition to the volume of illustrations received by every member, and the Parian busts due to those who have subscribed for ten years consecutively without gaining a prize. The report having been adopted and a resolution carried unanimously to present the hon. secretaries with a work of art in silver, the drawing of the prizes was proceeded with. The following are some of the principal prizes: Captain Brewer, South Australia, £200; Thos. Ryder, Kent Dispensary, Greenwich, £150; Miss Dunlop, Torrington-square, £100; R. Hall, Brighton, £75; W. Woolcock, Suez, £75; H. Badger, Rotherham, £75; W. Higgin, Kircaldy, £40; F. Davis, Pershore, £25; Mrs. Jamieson, Thornhill-square, £35; E. Littlehales, Winchester, £40; F. Shaw, Dundee, £50; Mr. Holass, Constantinople, £40; Mr. Pilcher, Russell-square, £25; Mr. Jupp, New Bond-street, £20; Mrs. Fletcher, Launceston, £25; J. Nicholson, Clapham-road, £25; Mrs. Gardiner, Eaton-square, £25; Mr. Dunbar, Sunbury, £20; J. H. Ashton, Tiverton, £20; Mrs. Acroyd, Nantwich, £20; Mrs. Pearson, Malvern, Wilts, £15.

SHAKESPEARE.—French, English, German, all alike have of late been trying their hands at portraits and statuettes of our great dramatic poet, with constantly varying effects. Shakespeare's face must have been as changeable as the colour of the chameleon's skin, if half the recent "portraits" contain any elements of truth within them. The print before us, on stone, by Federle, from a picture of Professor Geiger, imported by Messrs. Williams & Norgate, is a fine lithograph, but very coarse in chalking, although free, bold, and effective, and good in colour as a print. As anything more than a "fancy portrait" we cannot, however, consider it; nor can we approve of the silk ribboned dress, the luxuriant curtains, the silver inkstand, clock, and other costly articles upon the play-author's scroll-ornamented table. Neither Shakespeare's house, as we now know it, nor Shakespeare's means and habits while he lived, so far as we know them, are at all in accordance with such princely luxuriance. Shakespeare was undoubtedly a very plain gentleman; and the homely doublet which he is made to wear in the only statue and the two presumptuously real portraits, with humbler accessories suitable to his humbler home at Stratford on the Avon, would have been more appropriately adopted by the artist.

AN advertisement was issued by the Board of Works, some time ago, inviting architects to send in designs for two Museums to be erected at South Kensington. These buildings were for the accommodation of the Natural History collections of the British Museum. It now appears, from a *proceeds* of the principal librarian of that institution, dated February 13th, 1864, published in some papers issued to Parliament on Thursday week, that the advertisement was inadvertently issued without communication with the trustees. The superintendent of the departments of Natural History admitted to a committee of inquiry that he had been in communication with the First Commissioner of Works on the subject of the proposed buildings at South Kensington; and the committee thereupon passed a resolution reaffirming former minutes prohibiting such communications without the express sanction of the trustees.

NEW FRESCO.—Another fresco, or rather picture in water-glass medium, "The Landing of Charles II. at Dover," has been finished by Mr. Ward for the Houses of Parliament at Westminster.

GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.—The whole of the thirteen windows in Lander's crypt have been filled with stained glass, contributed by Mr. Black, of Craigmaddie. Mr. Willemont, of London, was the artist.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S STATUE.—The largest block of granite ever cut in Cornwall, weighing about 40 tons, has been quarried by Messrs. Freeman, and taken to the Penryn to be engine-polished. The block is for the base of the shaft of the monument erecting at Strathfieldsaye.

A MONUMENT to the late Countess Canning has just been completed by Mr. J. B. Phillips, of Sicilian marble, and is about 15 feet long, 9 feet wide, and 11 feet from the ground to the top of the cross. The destination of this is Calcutta, to which place it will shortly be despatched.

THE Society of Arts have conferred the gold medal, which they founded in memory of the late Prince Consort by the name of the "Albert Medal," on Sir Rowland Hill.

ON Thursday, May 5, at three o'clock, Mr. Hullah will deliver the first of a series of lectures on modern music, in continuation of his last year's course. It will be remembered by our readers that he divided the history of music into periods, of the first two of which he treated at length in his former course. The third period, beginning with Monteverde, Carissimi, Corelli, among the Italians; with Mer-senne, Dumont, Lulli, among the French, with Shutz among the Germans, and with Dowland and Ford among ourselves, will form the subject of the ensuing course, which will reach down to Handel. Mr. Hullah will be assisted in the illustration of the lectures by Miss

Banks, Miss Martin, Miss Palmer, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Banister, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Deacon, Mr. Jay, Mr. Charles Severn, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and Mr. Lewis Thomas.

A LETTER from Naples says:—"Levassor, the French actor, is here with a company, and is most deservedly popular. The managers of San Carlo have sent the most tempting offers to Titiens for the next winter; 54,000*l.* for four months, a benefit, the theatre to be thoroughly cleaned, the front row of the pit to be made into stalls, to be let only to 'real gentlemen,' who will not take keys and whistle into them, and the choice of operas left to her; but it is not expected these offers will appease her just indignation or be accepted. Naples is full of visitors—it is really an English colony."

M. AUBER, the composer, has been charged by the Emperor Maximilian I., to compose the music of a Mexican National hymn, the words of which have been written by M. Aguilar, ex-Minister of State in Mexico, and now Envoy at the Court of Rome.

THE representation at her Majesty's Theatre for the first time in this country of Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," which has been for some time in active preparation, is anxiously expected by the musical world. The cast, including Mdle. Titiens, Mdle. Vitali, Mdle. Bettelheim, Mr. Santley, Signor Gassier, Signor Bettini, Signor Junca, and Signor Ginglini, will be very strong.

DR. JOHANN GOTTLIEB SCHNEIDER, the greatest of German organ-players, died at Dresden on the 13th inst. He was the son of a school-master, and was born on the 28th of October, 1789, at Altgersdorf, near Zittau, in the Oberlausitz, a district of Saxony.

AMONG the declarations of bankruptcy recently pronounced by the Tribunal of Commerce of the Seine is that of the widow Countess Lionel de Moreton de Chabrilan, late directress of the little theatre in the Champs Elysées, but better known as the celebrated Celeste Mogador, of Jardine Mabillo notoriety.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THERE seems to be an extraordinary fatality about foreign loans. So much the better for the public; as an indisposition to subscribe to these operations will assist a great deal in checking the outflow of specie. The Mexican operation, the Russian operation, and the Venezuela operation, to use a trite but familiar phrase, have "come to grief," and there is little prospect of any foreign loans at the present juncture finding favour. It is not a question of nationality or locality that has prevented these contracts being successful, but the circumstance that speculation at this period has gone into directly different channels, and the public being content to make money out of the banks, finance and other companies do not care to subscribe to loans. They have also had the wholesome example of the losses incurred long since by these engagements; and if the new generation are to profit by the experience of the past, they will wisely seek other investments before entrusting their capital to foreign governments. If the Mexican transaction is a failure here, it may not be so in Paris; but it would have given great *clédit* to the business had a satisfactory subscription been obtained here. The ill success of the Russian engagement shows that the credit of that country has not improved through the late repeated attempts to change contractors and obtain assistance on altered terms. In the three last endeavours of the Imperial authorities of St. Petersburg to secure aid they have changed the firms through which they have negotiated the business, and while doing this have cut and altered the prices at which the separate issues were proposed to be effected. The result is, they have not succeeded in rendering either of these loans popular; and notwithstanding the warrants have been placed, there has not been the rush after them that was experienced before the Crimean war, and when the only gold-producing country was the Ukraine. Venezuela never has deserved financial assistance since her scandalous behaviour to the English creditors on the old arrangement of the debt. Every sacrifice was offered that could be offered in justice to the claims for overdue interest; but notwithstanding they were accepted, not the least exertion was used to pay the arranged dividends, and arrears again immediately accrued. Could Venezuela expect to receive consideration, or be supported in her hour of need, when she had so flagrantly disregarded her former obligations? The loan of 1862 was but a partial success; and though the contract was concluded at a moderate price for a 6 per. cent stock, it has since gone to a heavy discount, and scarcely appears likely to recover. The finance of Venezuela has been manipulated through more than one channel recently, but without the slightest effect, and the latest proposal put forward has gone off worse than any that have preceded it. It is consequently not surprising that the fate of foreign loans for the moment has been sealed, and that pending the existing mania they will not receive any prominent share of attention.

One would have almost reasonably supposed that the ground for banking enterprise was completely covered. The additions to the list have been going forward daily and weekly for the last eighteen months, and yet here we are again in the midst of the market as fresh and as lively as ever. The latest organizations comprise the Asiatic Bank and the Provincial Banking Company, both undertakings of interest in their way, if they have not been ushered into existence too late in the day for startling success. As, however, it is stated that they have secured the subscription of their capital—in the one case wholly, in the other in part—they will doubtless be floated, and hereafter developed. The new banking, finance, and credit companies evidently have it all their own way, and even some of the weak undertakings put their capital together and get into business without the least delay. Some of the old banks—for instance,

the Union Bank of London, the Bank of London, and the Agra and the United Service Banks—are creating new capital for the maintenance of their business, and this has at once given an impetus to their shares. Some of the new are following the example, and holding the opinion that they will require, at no distant date, an enlarged basis, make these issues profitable to the shareholders, at the same time that they are highly serviceable for strengthening reserve funds. This latter object is perhaps the most legitimate of all, particularly when the race of competition among many of the establishments must eventually culminate in bad debts. Every one associated with banking business must be pleased to see that such vigorous measures are pursued to secure support before any period of stringency arises, when neither banks, credit, nor other companies would be enabled to float their shares or obtain anything like a fair premium. Bank managers do not shut their eyes to what is passing around them, and the very nature of engagements brought under their observation each day shows that they must be prepared, sooner or later, for a most important mutation in the appearance of financial affairs. Meanwhile they will do well to increase their resources, enlarge their lists of shareholders, and provide for the calls necessary to keep them in funds when the day of trial arrives, which, according to the most sanguine calculations, cannot be far off. Most of the old as well as the new banks will have to prepare for contingencies, and not the least neglect should be suffered to interpose to prevent every establishment following out this course.

The heaviest accounts known for years in foreign stocks and general shares have just been settled at the Stock Exchange. The state of business, encouraged by the rise in prices, is something marvellous, and it is quite within the bound of probability that this activity may last for some short time longer. The extent of dealing shows that almost every one who has adventured has made profits, and this will give a further stimulus to animation, which may perhaps be perpetuated throughout the remainder of the fine weather. Not even the very inordinate terms asked for carrying stocks and shares over has any serious effect upon quotations, because it is perceived that the gradual improvement is sufficient to counterbalance the drawback of full rates of interest. It must be confessed that a vast amount of fictitious prosperity is traceable to the existence of this state of things, and that the crash, when it comes in regular order, will create most alarming and widespread disaster. The operators for the instant are not looking for the morrow; the sunshine as now manifested is most pleasant to bask in, and they are doing it fully to their hearts' content. The great share of profits has been made from the joint-stock banks and the finance and credit companies, which will no doubt continue to command attraction from the enormous dealings that take place in them. It is stated that the terms paid upon some of the best of these securities has been equal to 30 and 50 per cent., and 15 and 25 per cent. have been very common rates. The dear prices of money will, if they continue, break down the speculation, and then the operators as a body will have to shape their course of action to meet the altered appearance of the markets.

THERE was no alteration in the Bank rate of discount on Thursday. The *Gazette* account is not favourable, but there is little to cause unnecessary alarm.

MONEY in Lombard-street fetches 7 per cent. This is the same price as at the Bank, but it is only for the best classes of bills. Capital has been taken from the discount market to use at the Stock Exchange in facilitating the settlement.

CONSOLS, for account, 91½ to ¼. No movement in the Indian or the Home funds. Mexican, Turkish, and Spanish dull, with rather lower prices.

BANKS and the Finance shares advancing. The quotations irregular, through the fluctuations constantly occurring.

THE Government broker has commenced purchases on account of the Sinking Fund.

THE PROVINCIAL BANKING CORPORATION (LIMITED).—A prospectus of this Corporation has been issued, which states the capital as £2,000,000, in 40,000 shares of £50. It is at present intended to issue only 20,000 shares, and of these 10,000 have been subscribed. The company is established for the purpose of acquiring the business and connections of existing provincial banking establishments, and carrying on, generally, the operations of country banking on the joint-stock principle. From the recent amalgamation of two of the largest private banks in London with joint-stock establishments, and other combinations of a similar nature which have been prevalent of late, the directors are justified in representing these as conclusive evidence of the advantages of the principle of joint-stock association in banking business. The operations of the Corporation will be confined to the provinces. The good-will and business connections of existing country banks having been secured, it is the intention to open branches in those cities and towns in which, from their increase in wealth and population, a satisfactory business can be established. The articles of association contain full powers for the increase of the capital, should it be thought necessary, in consequence of the treaties now pending for the purchase of some private and joint-stock country banks, which will form the basis of the new bank.

IN another part of our paper will be found a prospectus of the Humber Iron Works and Shipbuilding Company (limited). The capital is to be £1,000,000, in 20,000 shares of £50 each, half of which have already been subscribed. The company is stated to be "formed for purchasing and extending the well-known iron shipbuilding establishment of Messrs. Martin Samuelson & Co., of Hull."

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE EASTERN SHORES OF THE ADRIATIC IN 1863.*

Few portions of Europe are so little known as that group of states and provinces which lies along the eastern shores of the Adriatic, peopled by mongrel and debased races, or by fierce and lawless populations, raised but little above the condition of savages. It is pleasant, therefore, to be presented with a volume which professes to give some new information, however slight and hastily collected, on those wild regions. Lady Strangford is a lively and amusing writer, tolerant of privations and inconveniences, and upon the whole inclined to take a good-natured view of the people and countries she visits. Her opinions of things in general are, as might have been expected, hastily formed, and therefore somewhat crude; but, looking nearly always on the bright side of things, she manages to interest the reader's fancy in her wanderings. Living obviously a good deal among soldiers, she has acquired a sort of military dash, makes nothing of half a dozen tumbles *per diem* from a horse's back, battles bravely with vermin, and eats cheerfully whatever she can get, though occasionally severe on bad coffee, a thing which one hardly expects to meet with in the East, or rather, we should perhaps say, on the threshold of the East, for Dalmatia, Montenegro, and Albania are somewhat too near home to be considered positively Oriental. We ourselves have caught glimpses from a ship's deck of those sunny islands and mountain-ranges which stretch from the Gulf of Lepanto towards the Julian Alps; it was in winter, when the Adriatic is the stormiest of seas, and when the Bora, of which Lady Strangford had a taste, blows with uncontrollable fury, shaking up the sea into one mass of foam, and rendering it wholly impossible for sailing-vessels to spread out a single rag of canvas. Then the mountains, which to her looked so green and lovely, were draped with snow or wrapped in dark vapours, through which, at dawn or evening, the sun sometimes peered forth through blood-red portals, so vast as to span half Albania. All people have occasional fits of quietness, during which, if we visit them, they impress us with the persuasion that they are the most tranquil of mankind, perhaps also the most kind and agreeable. Lady Strangford found the Montenegrins in this state of warlike collapse, when their chief was thinking more of building schools than of cutting throats, and appeared to have nothing so much at heart as the acquisition of a seaport through which he might pour forth the productions of his country for the enriching of himself and his subjects. But Turkey and Austria belt round this "young man of the mountain," little less detested by his neighbours than the "old man of the mountain" celebrated in the chronicles of the Crusades, and restrain at once his commercial and martial activity.

For several years past, the newspapers have been full of the atrocities mutually inflicted and endured by the Montenegrins and the Turks; but the mass of the population, not exceeding 200,000 souls, seem at length to be growing weary of slaughter, for which reason they have put their present chief over his father's head—the younger being pacific, while the elder breathes nothing but pillage and carnage. Lady Strangford, in company with a valiant captain, made last summer a raid of curiosity into the recesses of the Black Mountain, and describes with ease and vivacity the vast and unparalleled zigzag by which it is reached from the shore, the approach to the chief's residence, her entertainment at his house, and as much of the manners and appearance of the people as she could observe in three or four days. One contrast between them and their Muslim neighbours she could not fail to notice—namely, that while the Mohammedans regard women as their companions, the Montenegrins look upon and employ them as beasts of burden, though, by way of reconciling her readers to this feature in her favourite mountaineers, Lady Strangford labours to create the persuasion that the gentler sex entertain no objection to the theory, but, finding themselves on a level with mules and asses, altogether rival them in patience and powers of endurance. Our vivacious traveller is not much given to philosophising, though it probably has occurred to her that every step in the track by which man advances from the savage to the civilized state is exactly denoted by the place in the community occupied by women. The savage condemns his partner to perpetual toil; the barbarian converts her into a plaything; the civilized man, viewing her as a rational creature like himself, endeavours with more or less success to associate with her on terms of equality. In conformity with this criterion, it is easy to decide where we are to station the Montenegrin. At Ragusa, scandal makes extremely free with the character of the ladies who pride themselves on being descended from ancient families, have nothing to do, and would do nothing if they had; but in Montenegro the case is exactly the reverse—at least, so Lady Strangford was assured by the youthful chief. How she came to investigate this delicate point she in part explains, though only in part, as the reader of the following extract will observe. Speaking of the decisions of what is called the Senate, she says:—

"They are judges as well as lawgivers, and it was most patriarchal and primitive to see them sitting in the open street, or under the tree, or in the meadow with the peasant or peasants whose cases they were trying, standing in the midst of them telling their tale. Then came the discussion, sometimes a very noisy one, usually followed by a decision from Murko, given occasionally in a voice of thunder; and in

one instance, by instantaneous and summary infliction of punishment. This was in the case of a woman who objected to live peaceably with her husband, 'because he was so ugly and wore such bad clothes.' I asked the Prince what would be done to a woman who was unfaithful to her husband? He looked surprised, and said simply, 'They never are; if they had been in former days, they would have been put to death. I should imprison them for life.'"

Lady Strangford then proceeds to observe that the Montenegrin women are respected for their chastity, but introduces, in awkward juxtaposition with this remark, another, to which she seems to desire that this should be considered a corollary—namely, that they are very ugly. Besides, when the predecessor of the present chief seduced the wife of one of his subjects, the husband watched his opportunity, and shot him; upon which she says:—"We have seen that even the life of the Prince will be taken should the honour of a Montenegrin woman be outraged." This implies a strange confusion of ideas. Had the husband's revenge been recognised as an act of justice, we might have discovered some point in her ladyship's observation; but the man was regarded as a murderer, and hanged. The writer is more at home in descriptions of scenery and dress than in discussing questions of morality, though her preference of the Montenegrin costume may not perhaps be shared by all travellers in the East. However, this is the picture she draws of it:—

"The Montenegrin costume is the handsomest and most graceful I have seen in any country. The Prince wore dark-blue cloth pantaloons, cut in the Syrian style, very full and wide, gathered in at the knees with scarlet garters; a Damascus silk scarf round the loins, and at his waist a huge crimson leathern band, in which the arms are placed; the Prince, however, is the only man who carries none at home. The scarlet waistcoat, embroidered and buttoned with gold, is half concealed by a closely-fitting tunic of white cloth, also richly embroidered in gold; the full court dress is the same, only that the tunic is then worn of green. Sometimes fur edgings are added, and all the gentlemen about the court had rows of large silver buttons sewn so thickly on the front of the tunic as quite to conceal the cloth, and to give the appearance of armour; while some had curious shoulder-pieces of solid silver, covered with bosses, completely covering the neck and shoulders."

To us a man thus accoutred would look more like a merry-andrew than a Prince. For elegance and easy dignity, the Memluk costume appears to us infinitely superior, not only to the Montenegrin, but to all other forms of dress.

We return to Southern Albania, in order to make an observation on one of those military sallies in which Lady Strangford sometimes indulges. Following in the track of Lord Byron, she was desirous of visiting monastic Zitza, and, having made her wishes known to the guides, naturally expected to be taken without further trouble to the monastery. From her narrative it seems clear that the poor men either misunderstood her meaning, or, as she herself states, knew nothing of the country, except the high road over which they were in the habit of travelling. Their ignorance was no doubt provoking; but it was not an offence which ought to have subjected the delinquent to a rigid application of the bastinado. Let her ladyship describe in her own words the felicitous contrivance by which, according to her, the Arabs enforce obedience to their will. We have witnessed in numerous instances the beating of Arabs by Turks, or by Englishmen; but we have never beheld an Arab apply the stick to any one, least of all to a man of his own race. Lady Strangford's experience, however, is different. She says:—

"Remembering the useful Arabic proverb, that 'the stick descended from Heaven, a blessing from God,' I recommended an immediate application of the heavenly blessing; the man got a blow or two, which I fear only made him laugh in his sleeve at the gentleness of our champion. And then we waited till the baggage came up, when the man swore Zitza and its monastery was in every direction we pointed to, and finally in none, while the whole set of them loudly declared they must and would stop at the Khan where we stood, or go on to Joanina. We informed them that to Zitza we would go, and off we all started, except Captain S., who stopped to impress the man a little more powerfully than before with heavenly blessings."

When she gets to Dalmatia, she informs her readers that so great in that country is the dread of the Bora, that the clergy, when it blows violently, introduce a variation into the Litany, and say, "From plague, pestilence, famine, and the Bora, good Lord deliver us!" If they use any Litany in Albania, they will be very apt, we think, to introduce into it a prayer to be delivered from English lady travellers, who cause men to be beaten by officers for being ignorant of geography; for that this, on the occasion in question, was the offence, Lady Strangford states distinctly:—

"They usually know the names of the Khans, but not always that much; of everything else they are entirely ignorant, seldom even knowing the names of the springs or rivers."

We should have accompanied our female traveller with much greater pleasure had this untoward incident not occurred at the very outset of our acquaintance; but it does not prevent our enjoying the amusing gossip, the pretty sketches of scenery, the anecdotes, the outlines of character, the small speculations on small things, which diversify her narrative, and keep up its interest throughout. The excursion in Southern Albania is the freshest portion of the work; not so much because it is the commencement, as because the language is more natural, and the country to be described fuller of wild variety. Here, indeed, on the banks of

* The Eastern Shores of the Adriatic in 1863. With a Visit to Montenegro. By the Viscountess Strangford. London: Bentley.

the Acheron are found some of the grandest scenes anywhere to be met with in Eastern Europe, not even excepting the gorges of the Pindus chain. From the dark green waters, rocks black and frowning shoot up to a vast height, terminating in abrupt pinnacles, and in the early morning throwing their dense shadows over the stream, which then, as it flows in its sunken channel, rivals in gloom the fabled waters of Styx or Cocytus. The inhabitants have always appeared to us the finest men in Europe, matchless in figure, and extremely handsome in countenance, with large black eyes, regular Greek features, and fine, slender moustaches drooping on both sides of the mouth below the chin. It is true the expression is fierce, occasionally ferocious; but, as in war they are the bravest of the brave, this defect will readily be overlooked.

If the reader be fond of the picturesque, he cannot fail to find entertainment in Lady Strangford's narrative, which abounds with extremely pretty descriptions of pretty scenes. For the beauties of nature she has an artist's eye; indeed, she is an artist, and her pencil sketches more than rival those drawn by her pen. She is scarcely less happy when engaged in describing people, since the individuals she undertakes to portray stand out distinctly before the mind's eye in all their physical and mental characteristics, nor, though she was cruel to her poor Albanian guides, is she by any means an illiberal traveller; indeed, wherever she is hospitably or kindly treated, her gratitude always appears commensurate with the obligation. She has, moreover, the amiable quality of seeing merit and beauty in her own sex, and of bestowing on other women high praise without grudging—an uncommon quality in travellers of either sex, since nothing is more familiar to readers of tours and travels than to find a man eating a person's dinner, and then abusing him and his family. One thing we must not omit to notice in her account of the small Slavonic communities on the Adriatic shores—namely, their fondness for sad music. All travellers in Russia have commemorated the same fact, and indeed the native airs of the race are so plaintive and melancholy that they would appear to be sung by exiles in a foreign land. Something of this has been observed in the Turks themselves, who, when on service in Africa, may often be found sitting under a tree or at the doors of their tents, singing wild and lugubrious snatches of home airs. To us the interest of the book decreases as the author approaches Trieste, partly because she appears to be in a hurry, but partly also on account of the inferior interest attaching to the population and the country. We agree with Lady Strangford in cherishing a horror of the autumnal rush of tourists who may be seen gaping and wondering in every pass and valley of the Alps, and surging over with audacious vulgarity into Italy, so that nothing but reverence for their cash can possibly prevent the Italians from interpolating their Litany with a prayer to be protected from them. With respect to Lord Strangford's ethnological and political speculations, we think them rather out of place in this otherwise light and pleasant volume. They are not badly written, nor does the writer appear deficient in the requisite knowledge; but he seems to be under the mistaken persuasion that he enjoys a monopoly of that sort of article. No subject that ever turned up among mankind has elicited so much unmitigated nonsense as that of nationality, a term to which no precise meaning can be affixed—at least, no meaning which any two men in the world will accept as the true one. We are glad that Lord Strangford sets his face against the "fiction" of twelve millions of Greeks, though his philosophy is so jocular in its tone that we fail sometimes to detect in what direction it is carrying us. On one point he is certainly right—namely, that no one has hitherto written anything satisfactory about the future of Turkey, or indeed of any other country. To look into times to come, it is necessary to be a little better acquainted with times past than most writers can pretend to be—we mean, not with the facts, but with the philosophy of history, with that science which explains why nations decay and fall, and why other nations spring up upon their ruins, just as in a forest young trees shoot up from the decayed trunks of the old ones. If we have thus jumped from courtesies and costumes to the uninviting topic presented by speculations on ethnology, it is Lord Strangford's fault, or rather, perhaps, Lady Strangford's—since she imagines she is enhancing the value of her book by joining to it another book entirely different in substance and character. We should like very well on some other occasion to hear what her husband has to say on the numerous questions which are daily asked by all who busy themselves with the political fortunes of the Levant; but in order to profit by his lordship's speculations we must be introduced to them by several statements not to be found in the three chapters which he has added to his wife's tour. No inquiry is perhaps fraught with a deeper interest than that which is every day made into the subject touched upon by Lord Strangford, involving as it does the fate of Europe and of civilization; but, were we to do the subject justice, it must be entered upon seriously after profound study, not only of existing populations, but of all those social and political phenomena which preceded the birth of the communities and states which now figure upon the map of the world.

THE METALLURGY OF IRON AND STEEL.*

SECOND NOTICE.

AN undue share in bringing about the present greater yield of blast-furnaces and increased production of iron has been very

* The Metallurgy of Iron and Steel. By John Percy, M.D., F.R.S., Lecturer on Metallurgy at the Royal School of Mines. London: Murray.

generally assigned to the use of hot blast. A cause quite as influential, but comparatively overlooked, has unquestionably been the vast improvement in the form of the blast-furnace itself, introduced by Mr. John Gibbons, of Corbyn's Hall, a South Staffordshire ironmaster, who published a pamphlet on the subject in 1839, which it is impossible to read without recognising in the author a man of original genius. Dr. Percy, after observing that in France the waste gases of blast-furnaces have been made to do duty as fuel for more than half a century, and that the practice, with its vast pecuniary saving, is comparatively but of recent adoption in Wales, Scotland, and a few places in England,—many English ironmasters still objecting that it is unsuitable for their furnaces,—Dr. Percy, we say, gives the latter the following excellent advice, which is so applicable to many other classes of our manufacturers, in their capacity of coal consumers, that we gladly quote it for their benefit:—

"They should, however, remember that practical difficulties generally attend innovations of any kind, especially in processes the direction of which has been too often intrusted to so-called practical men, who have no knowledge beyond that of rule of thumb—who are not unfrequently as conceited as they are ignorant, and who systematically oppose every change which does not originate with themselves. Accumulated wealth, abundant supplies of ore and fuel, and a long-established name in the market, have, in many cases, produced indifference to progress, and engendered an obstinate spirit of conservatism on the part of our ironmasters; but circumstances are not so smooth and agreeable as they once were, and it is evident that the men who have hitherto despised improvement must now bestir themselves in order to hold their ground against adventurous, skilful, and persevering rivals."

The great differences in the quality of iron, considered as good or bad, are found to be dependent on the absence or presence, in varying minute proportions, of certain foreign substances, especially carbon, silicon, phosphorus, and sulphur. The two latter may be regarded as the evil genii of ironmasters, being, when present in any but the most minute quantities, highly prejudicial, phosphorus making iron what is called cold-short (brittle when cold), and sulphur hot-short. Pure iron is too soft for ordinary use. A small quantity of carbon adds to its tenacity and hardness, forming serviceable wrought iron; with a little more it becomes steel, having acquired a greatly augmented capacity for having its hardness and toughness increased by sudden cooling after heating, whilst a still further addition of carbon converts it into cast iron, when it can no longer be made malleable by heat. The passage from one condition to the other is so gradual that it is impossible to draw the line, and say where one ceases and the other begins. When less than a quarter per cent. of carbon is present, the metal is designated wrought iron. From three quarters to one and a half per cent. constitutes steel, whilst with above two per cent. the metal becomes cast iron. Intermediate quantities give intermediate properties.

It has been already stated that, as a general rule, even in those cases where wrought or malleable iron is sought as the ultimate product, iron ores are most advantageously treated in a commercial point of view by being first melted down into pig or cast iron, or, in other words, carburized, notwithstanding that this system entails the necessity of a subsequent process to remove the surplus carbon. The prevailing mode of effecting this object is by first melting and then manipulating the iron in what is termed a reverberatory furnace, or, more properly speaking, an air-furnace. The name given to the operation is puddling, and it has lately been discovered that steel may be produced by the same process, carried on at a lower temperature, and shortened, so as to leave in the metal a larger portion of carbon. The finest qualities of steel continue to be made as before.

In the course of describing the reverberatory furnaces at present in use in England, Dr. Percy states that Detmold's furnaces are used at Ebbw Vale; but he is under some misapprehension on this point. Detmold's furnace was essentially a gas-furnace, in which by means of slow combustion the carburetted hydrogen of the coal was first expelled, and then the remaining coke converted into carbonic oxide, the gases produced being ignited at the fire-bridge by streams of air admitted through *tuyères*. The grate was made to fulfil the office of a retort, or generator, by having the larger portion of its bottom closed, whilst the thickness of the stratum of fuel—viz., four times that ordinarily employed—ensured the conversion of the carbonic acid formed in the lower portion of the grate into carbonic oxide. Detmold's furnace was tried at several iron-works in Wales in 1844, and amongst others at Ebbw Vale, but it did not prove successful, and, to the best of our knowledge, has never been used in England since. In such a furnace, where more than half the air is required to enter through the *tuyères* at the bridge, great waste of iron or loss of heat must ensue upon any considerable variation in the quantity of combustible gas passing off. The cause of failure is obvious, and attaches more or less to all furnaces where it has been proposed to admit a considerable portion of air above the grate, without any provision for ensuring a uniform supply of the gases from the fuel; and the statement that any such furnace is in successful operation is calculated to produce misconception on a point in which an important principle is involved. In fact, we consider the treatment of the subject of air or reverberatory furnaces not so complete and satisfactory as that of blast furnaces, the details consisting in great measure of monographs furnished by individuals, unaccompanied by any comprehensive generalization of the conditions essential to all. Dr. Percy has produced a very useful book, inas-

much as he has given us, on the whole, an admirable epitome of our present knowledge; but we cannot add the higher praise that it is a suggestive work. No light gleams from out its pages upon the reader, affording glimpses of clearer day than that in which he has hitherto journeyed, and we rise from its perusal without being conscious of any additional insight into the subject of which it treats. Considering that the manufacture of iron is still only in the empirical stage, how little is known of the chemistry of the subject, and how many important and interesting problems there are now awaiting solution, we confess that our School of Mines does not occupy in these pages that prominent position in the van of progress which we would gladly see it assume—a result no doubt in great measure attributable to the parsimony of our Government in matters of science, and the small sum placed at the disposal of the School for Laboratory Experiments.

Dr. Percy has given an interesting sketch of the melancholy fate of poor Cort, and we feel sure that every honest man will applaud the spirit in which his remarks are written, and thank him for having acted on his conviction that such nefarious transactions as those of which Cort was the victim "deserve to be more publicly known and permanently recorded." Cort having expended the whole of his private fortune, exceeding £20,000, in maturing his inventions, Mr. Adam Jellicoe, Deputy Paymaster of the Navy, advanced £27,000 capital, on condition of his son being admitted a partner. Upon his sudden death in 1789, it was discovered that the whole of this money had been withdrawn from the cash balances lying in his hands, whereupon the entire property and effects of the firm, including the patents, were seized by the Navy Board.

"By this arbitrary procedure, property to the amount of £250,000 was either absolutely annihilated or disposed of in a manner to which there is now no clue, the result being the complete and irretrievable ruin of poor Cort. . . . In the year 1800, a few days after Cort's death, when he could no longer claim any share of remuneration, and his infant children were incapable of asserting their rights, Lord Melville presented a memorial to the Lords of the Treasury, setting forth the great merit and uncontested value of Cort's inventions, and petitioning on that account a release to himself of nearly £25,000 (being the amount for which he stated himself to be then responsible on account of Jellicoe's defalcations), which petition was at once granted. When in 1803 Parliament had appointed a Commission of Naval Inquiry to examine the irregularities of the Treasurer, Lord Melville, and his Paymaster, Alexander Trotter, they mutually agreed, by a joint release exhibited on the subsequent impeachment of Lord Melville, to burn, and accordingly did burn, their accounts for £134,000,000 of public money which had passed through their hands. The evidence of Cort's wrongs was destroyed with the rest, and the parties implicated refused before both Houses of Parliament to answer any questions tending to criminate themselves. . . . On the death of Mrs. Cort in 1816 an annual pension of £25, reduced by deductions to less than £20, was conferred on each of two surviving unmarried daughters. In 1856, Lord Palmerston assigned out of the Civil List an annual pension of £50 to Cort's only surviving son, whose claims on the bounty of the nation had been represented to his Lordship by the author of this work amongst others."

An annual pension of £50 to the son of the man who, it was then estimated, had added £600,000,000 to the national wealth, and who, having been pillaged by the officials of a Government department, had a substantial claim to redress! What a contrast in the figures! Justice and gratitude combined mount up to £50 a year! The nations of antiquity so honoured the inventors of the arts of civilized life, that long after their death their names were revered and handed down in tradition. But these people were heathens. It was reserved for a nation professing to be Christian to rob these benefactors of mankind, and then suffer their descendants to pine and die, in their midst, in indigence and obscurity. The last remaining child of Cort still lives—bedridden—subsisting on this miserable pittance. Let us even at the eleventh hour attempt to cheer his closing days, and at the same time, as far as remains in our power, purge the land of what is nothing less than a national disgrace.

GARIBALDI AND ITALIAN UNITY.*

COLONEL CHAMBERS probably thinks the present a very favourable time for publishing any work with reference to the hero who has had so magnificent a reception among the English people. Having regard to the contents of his volume, we cannot agree with him. It ostentatiously calls attention to the most painful incident in the career of Garibaldi—the only incident on which Englishmen, speaking in the mass, have any difference of feeling. At such a moment as this, with the glow of the man's welcome presence still upon us, we would fain forget that lamentable affair of Aspromonte, in August, 1862, which many friends of Italy's illustrious champion cannot but regard as injudicious. It is the fault of Colonel Chambers that we are forced to notice so unhappy an episode, for he makes it the principal feature in his work. Of the work itself, too, taken altogether, we feel compelled to speak in terms of disparagement. It is a mere hasty compilation from previous books and from the published letters of newspaper correspondents, the whole huddled together in the most clumsy and ill-ordered fashion, and printed at some office where they evidently do not know how to spell either Italian or English. Indeed, we have

* Garibaldi and Italian Unity. By Lieut.-Colonel Chambers. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

rarely seen a book so disgracefully put forth—with such an utter disregard of the decencies of orthography, composition, punctuation, and typographical arrangement. The printers must surely belong to some small country town, where they had never before got beyond the stage of shop-bills and posters—a point which we are compelled to put conjecturally, seeing that the individual, apparently ashamed of his work, has modestly withheld his name and address. The names of Messrs. Smith & Elder on a title-page are generally a guarantee of sterling worth and excellent production; but the present volume is certainly an exception to the rule, and the flashy binding, with a melodramatic figure in gold, of Garibaldi supporting the Italian flag, is of a piece with the poor and coarsely-executed writing which it encloses. Colonel Chambers states in his preface that he was in Italy during the time the work was passing through the press, and begs on that account to apologize for inaccuracies; but this will not excuse him for the crude, ill-digested way in which he has strung together his quotations and his cuttings from newspapers, for the absence of system and chronological arrangement in his narrative, nor for the want of fairness which distinguishes his judgments of men and things. In order to exalt his hero, he seems to think it necessary to roll Victor Emmanuel and the whole Moderate party of Italy in the mire of base imputations, for which he has no better authority than the chatter of the correspondents of certain London journals known for the vehemence and fanaticism of their opinions, and of Continental officers equally blinded by their prejudices and passions. At the close of his first chapter, he accuses Victor Emmanuel of having directed Garibaldi, during his campaign on the Lombard lakes in 1859, to attack the Austrians at a certain point where he and his force would certainly have been destroyed in the absence of the Piedmontese supports which the King had promised, but which he failed to send. It is insinuated that this was a plot treacherously contrived in order to get rid of Garibaldi, and to extinguish the volunteers, who were exciting the jealousy of the regular army. Is it possible, after so atrocious and diabolical a scheme as this, that Garibaldi would have continued to speak of the King as a "Rè galant'uomo," whose flag he was proud to follow? Nothing but the clearest evidence could justify the belief in such tale, or its repetition in any respectable history, unless with a view to indignant repudiation. Yet Colonel Chambers, in reproducing the calumny, simply gives as his authorities an extract from the private letter of an anonymous Garibaldian officer, and another from a book written by a certain Colonel Exalbion, whose name and work we have not the pleasure of recollecting. What does Garibaldi himself say?

The Colonel professes to publish to the world for the first time "the true story" of Aspromonte. We find, however, on turning to the chapters in question, nothing but a hash from the newspapers of the day, and a reprint of the contradictory statements made by General Cialdini, by Garibaldi's followers, and by Garibaldi himself, with which the public are only too familiar already, and which they would gladly sink in oblivion—at any rate, for the present. The object of the writer, or rather of the compiler, is to show that Garibaldi was treacherously encouraged in his demonstration by the Government, up to a certain point, and then as remorselessly crushed; that he believed himself to be acting with the concurrence of Rattazzi, and, when undeceived on that point, with the personal good wishes of the King; and that he never intended to plunge the country into civil war. With all these assertions we were already acquainted, and they fail to save Garibaldi from the charge of imprudence. If a momentary doubt may legitimately have resulted from the hesitation of the authorities to attack a man who had rendered such splendid services to the country, that doubt was fully removed before he left Sicily—yet he went on. The island was placed in a state of siege, and Garibaldi received the most positive intimations that he was acting illegally, and would be opposed. He chose to separate the King from the Government; but, even had there been any such distinction in their wishes, of which we have no proof, Garibaldi, as the citizen of a constitutional monarchy, was not justified in setting up the King in opposition to his Ministers. Colonel Chambers asserts, on the authority of a statement in the *Daily News*, that Garibaldi had discovered a plot between Rattazzi and the Emperor Napoleon for dividing Italy into three kingdoms, of which the northern was to remain with Victor Emmanuel, augmented by Venetia; the central was to be a Papal state, including Umbria and the Marches; and the southern was to be the restored Kingdom of Naples. However this might be, the affair of Sarnico, in June, 1862, when the attempted march of the Garibaldians towards Venetia was suppressed by the Rattazzi Cabinet, was in itself warning sufficient that the Ministry were opposed to any volunteer action tending to embroil the country with foreign Powers; and even previously to that, Garibaldi had been urged by Rattazzi, immediately after the latter assumed office, "not to compromise the country by rash acts." Such, at least, is the statement of Count Arrivabene in his admirable and singularly impartial work, "Italy under Victor Emmanuel." The whole business, no doubt, is involved in mystery as far as its details are concerned, and the conduct of Rattazzi in particular stands in need of explanation; but Garibaldi, at any rate, knew that he was risking the future of Italy on a questionable and uncertain issue. Colonel Chambers repeats the complaint of the chief of Garibaldi's staff, that, when marching along the road by the sea-side in Calabria, a steam-plated frigate was following, and might have utterly destroyed them had the commander chosen; and it seems to be considered an act of treachery to the Garibaldians that he didn't at once slaughter them! Yet Cialdini is equally accused of treachery because he did

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attack the volunteers when drawn up in military array on the hill of Aspromonte.

The discrepancy with respect to that lamentable conflict between the statements of Cialdini and of Garibaldi and his followers, will probably furnish matter for historical controversy generations hence. Each side says that the other side fired first; but a phrase made use of by Garibaldi, in speaking to one of his prison visitors, seems to us to suggest a not improbable explanation of the contradiction, without supposing intentional falsehood anywhere. The fallen chieftain said:—"I had given the strictest orders not to fire; some inexperienced boys did not obey, but, happily, there were but few wounded amongst the brave Bersaglieri who captured me." Now, if these "inexperienced boys" fired first, as seems to be suggested, the royal troops would naturally reply, for, in the hurry of the moment, they could not be expected to distinguish between those who did and those who did not fire. It is true that Garibaldi's officers say the youths only fired after they had themselves been fired on for some time; but this may be an error arising from confusion, for, on the other hand, we have the assurances of Cialdini, based on the report of the officer in command, that the volunteers opened the contest. So again, as regards the summons to surrender. Positive statements are made, on the one side, that such a summons was sent and answered with defiance; on the other, that there was no summons at all. It is, perhaps, impossible at present to get at the truth; but one thing appears to us certain—that Garibaldi, though with none but the noblest intentions, very nearly caused the ruin of his country, deep and devoted as his love for that country is. A purer and loftier soul than his does not exist; but on that one occasion he seems to have lost his head. We wish, for the hero's own sake, that Colonel Chambers had not published this book. Most thinking men will read it with a feeling of depression, and close it with a sense of relief.

HUMAN SADNESS.*

WE know not whether the Countess Gasparin be a Frenchwoman or an Englishwoman, nor whether the work before us be a translation or an original production. It has certainly all the character of a rendering from the French. The style is rhetorical, and the rhetoric is French rhetoric, passionate and tumultuous, yet with a cold, clear sparkle of epigram in the midst of it. The Countess's previous book—"The Near and the Heavenly Horizons"—has, we believe, attracted a good deal of attention; and we can perfectly well understand that this, her later work, will be received with favour in religious circles generally, and more especially by the enthusiastic among her own sex. It is rather a woman's book than a man's. The exquisite sensitiveness and burning ardour that quiver and vibrate in every line might seem to most men simply morbid. A man must be something of a poet, or possess that mounting fire of religious devotion which so seldom survives the rough and hard conditions of his conflict with the world, even though he do not cease to be religious, to comprehend and sympathise with the agonies of doubt and faith, of sadness and aspiration, of intolerable depression and feverish seeking after seraphic peace and glory, which at once burden and animate the Countess's pages. Women are quicker to feel these ideal sorrows (if indeed they be ideal, and not in the highest sense real); they perceive with a more exquisite anguish of perception the eternal contrast between our own mortal frailty and the perfect ideal that God has set before us. None but a woman could have written this book. Its mingling of small and great—its querulousness of "the nerves," and its solemn tearfulness of the soul—are all intensely feminine. The authoress tells you how she is bored with having to write letters to persons she does not care about; and how she struggles in prayer and faith to reach communion with God, to quell the suggestions of doubt, and to triumph over the weakness of nature. She expressly warns us not to suppose that all these revelations are absolutely personal; they are to be taken with a general applicability. But they are such as most women will apprehend. Nevertheless, we do not think the book one which women should read often. The appeal to the emotions is too powerful and concentrated; the style too spasmodic and hysterical. The authoress almost shrieks in the torture of her overwrought sensitiveness; and to a woman of high nervous susceptibility and excitable self-consciousness, unbalanced by an intellect of corresponding strength, and by contact with the world, such reading might be dangerous. Placed as we are in the midst of small actualities which require so much of our service, we must not look too long on the vast brightness that lies beyond, lest we despair over the petty work that is set down for us. This is the danger of all such books of emotional rhapsody. Yet there are times when the soul craves an utterance for its deeper longings. The Countess de Gasparin has given expression to these desires, and has often done so in beautiful and affecting language, though with a constant tendency to verbal excess, which at times almost amounts to raving. She has a painful familiarity with the heart in its wayward moods, and delineates those moods with a curious exactness. Occasionally, too, she evinces a power of picturesque description, permeated throughout with the spirit of symbolism, of which the following passage will give the reader a lively idea:—

"I do not know why, but while wandering amidst these woes, a landscape that I saw one stormy evening kept constantly recurring to my memory.

* Human Sadness. By the Countess de Gasparin, Author of "The Near and the Heavenly Horizons." London: Strahan & Co.

"Currents of hot air were blowing along the ground; we were driving rapidly on; the horizon before us was becoming hid by dense clouds; their iron shield spread over half the sky; the sun seemed to pause upon its edge, shuddering, one would have said, at being swallowed up of darkness. All colours had grown dull; not one of those purple-tinted mists that wander at evening gave brightness to the view. A sinister glare, a strange light, clearer than belonged to the hour, struck here and there, on field or road. One heard no thunder, but in that prodigious mass of clouds there were sudden shiftings, and, as it were, thrills, that marked the path of the storm. It was grand; it was still more gloomy; even the very silence inspired a sudden terror. If the thunder had pealed, if the lightning had rent the clouds, one would have felt it a relief.

"The singular feature, however, and that which has impressed the picture upon my mind, was a large opening in the very middle of the darkness. There the sky was seen glorious in the serenity of a wondrous sunset. Nothing could equal that limpid radiance. It had no rays, no golden sheaves, no crimson flames; only the blue transfigured with light, stretched, deepened, peaceful, eternal; it was all one saw. Meanwhile, a mist began to rise from the darkened country. It rose wreathing, tending towards that clear sky. Its spirals now intertwining, now severing, reformed, and always they rose.

"Between those bewildered mists, so resolute to reach the sky, and the painful effort of the human heart, I detected one of those harmonies which give us the secret of our sorrows. Desolate souls rise thus; one and the same movement, full of anguish, full of hope, bears up the phalanx of supplicants, bears them on to God.

"And I, I found myself weeping for joy."

We might disagree with some of the opinions incidentally expressed by the writer in the course of her volume, but prefer to leave the work in the hands of sympathetic readers.

SPECULATIVE NOTES AND NOTES ON SPECULATION.*

UNDER this title, Mr. Evans has given us a series of pleasant sketches of city life, and of interesting essays upon commercial subjects. The city is usually regarded as a mere dull place of business, and none who are ignorant of its inner life have any idea of the fascination which it exerts upon those who are placed in a position to observe the sudden revolutions of fortune in which it abounds, the astute scheming and elaborate plotting of which it is the scene, or the brilliant successes and disastrous failures with which it rewards or discourages the busy and feverish throng who swarm about the Royal Exchange. The author of the present work, in his capacity of "city editor" of a metropolitan journal, has had ample opportunities of penetrating the arcana of commercial life; and those opportunities he has turned to excellent account in more than one previous publication. We do not, however, think that any of these possess attractions for the general reader equal to those of the volume before us. For, although it does not avoid the discussion of more important questions which are interesting chiefly to traders and economists, it deals principally with aspects of "city life" which have an interest for all who care to study human character, or to follow the vicissitudes of human fortune. Moreover, almost all the papers of which it consists bear more or less directly upon topics which are present to the minds, or fresh in the recollections, of us all. "The city" of which Mr. Evans talks to us is "the city," not of history or of a bye-gone generation, but of to-day, of the men who are still existing and speculating around us, doing the things and living the life which he describes.

The work may be divided roughly into articles which, on the one hand, discuss broad aspects of "city life," the general current of mercantile business and monetary speculation, and questions connected with trade and currency; or, on the other hand, describe the careers of particular individuals who are in some degree typical of classes to which they belong. In the former division are papers on the rapidly progressing absorption of private by joint-stock banks, upon the auriferous resources of Australia and California, upon public companies and their prospects, upon American credit, upon the expediency of converting the Bank of England into a "State bank," and upon the various phases of the late—indeed, we may say of the existing—mania for getting up joint-stock companies and speculating in their shares. The mysteries of "promotion," the modes by which eligible directors are caught and remunerated, the devices by which companies are "floated" and premiums are realised by those who are in the secret, at the expense of the less enlightened public, receive full elucidation. One of the most lively sketches that fall within this division of the work is entitled "A Run with the Joint-stock Hounds." It tells the fate of some *bond fide* projectors of a company who fell among—well, among a knot of promoters. The latter worthies cunningly made themselves masters of their schemes and calculations, amused them with the hope of launching their plan under the most distinguished auspices, and then, when they had matured their own private combinations, threw their confiding dupes overboard, and brought out as a project of their own a close and piratical imitation of the original project. We could not, by any extracts, do justice to the merits of Messrs. Twilight, Coodove, and Reachem; but those who wish to know what manner of men promoters are, could not do better than glance at Mr. Evans's sketch, for which we cannot help

* Speculative Notes and Notes on Speculation, Ideal and Real. By D. Morier Evans, Author of "Facts, Failures, and Frauds," "History of the Commercial Crisis," &c. London: Groombridge & Sons.

thinking that some living originals have furnished the main outlines.

Turning to those essays which have individual life and character for their subjects, we notice with satisfaction that, although his vein is by no means didactic, Mr. Evans's moral is as sound as his portraits and narratives are life-like and spirited. The lesson which he teaches is, it is true, only the old one that steady industry, honesty, and persevering energy are more likely than rash speculation to conduct to fortune. But it is a lesson which men will not learn from precept, and one which it is therefore useful to impress upon them, if it be possible, by real examples. The first paper in the book is devoted to Pullinger, the perpetrator of the great frauds upon the Union Bank. Another sketches the momentary prosperity, and rapid decline, fall, and miserable death, of an unfortunate Spanish speculator. From "the new *versus* the old school," young gentlemen who desert their studies and professions for the more attractive work of getting up joint-stock companies may learn their probable fate. In a "review of some extraordinary operations" we get a glimpse of the torturing anxiety and the unhealthy excitement in which so large a part of the life even of a successful speculator must be passed. And, on the other hand, we may compare with these the steady, active lives and the prosperity—although not altogether secure against the shocks of fortune—of the regular "city man." Nor has Mr. Evans neglected the clever professional adventurers who lay themselves out to prey upon the gullibility of their fellows. The history of a magnificent bubble discount company, which he was instrumental in bringing to a collapse, lets us into the *modus operandi* of sharpers of the "long firm" school. But in Count D—we have a swindler of a far higher stamp and of more varied resources, and Mr. Evans's account of his singular career possesses quite a dramatic interest.

If our space permitted, we would willingly endeavour at least to trace its general features; but we could not do this within any moderate length. The same reason obliges us to content ourselves with but a single extract from Mr. Evans's pages, in which he sketches some of the notabilities of European finance who have indeed passed away, but whose reputations still linger amongst us:—

"There, at the old establishment in New Court, I am face to face with the greatest millionaire in Europe; he, with his heavily hanging, but smiling countenance, questioning me, after he has satisfied himself of the correctness of my intelligence, on small points of everyday news. How snugly he sits ensconced in his easy chair—with a sofa at hand for a lounge after the fatigues of business—his broad table before him smothered with correspondence. How sagacious he looks from beneath his full eyebrows, as he plays with his loosely-adjusted white neckerchief, and then pulls together the ample folds of his dark coat. The result of that interview I can never forget.

"Subsequently, although but a growing youth, I meet him frequently on 'Change, at the pillar where he accustomed himself to stand, surrounded by his friends, on Tuesdays and Fridays. Among them are Thomas Massa Alsager, then styled 'the Mirror of the Times,' and the good old soul, Daniel Harcastle. If he desire to speak, or communicate with me, I boldly go into the group of Exchange brokers, and receive my information; if not, I pass before him; his quick eye detects me: there is nothing to say, and I move away. If I visit New Court before he returns, I am sure to encounter a bevy of poor Hebrew suppliants for alms, who besiege him going and returning, clustering round him as if they were his closest kith and kin.

"Who is here entering 'Change from the southern entrance, and walking steadily, not as in subsequent years, bowed nearly to the ground with age and infirmity? It is plain Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, afterwards Sir Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, who in his later years receives considerate attention at the hands of royalty, and is possessed of property second only to a Rothschild. He, with his venerable appearance, has come to meet that fine, tall, gentlemanly man attired in black, who, with imposing aspect, is in the midst of a host of Spaniards and Portuguese, debating dry topics of finance. That individual is the celebrated M. Mendizabal, the future Chancellor of the Exchequer of Spain, whose eventual career did not escape condemnation when his policy became developed. Mr. Isaac Lyon Goldsmid has objects in view—so has M. Mendizabal; they know each other, and their sapient glances prepare either not to be taken by surprise. They have both probably huge operations on foot in the Peninsula securities—perhaps in the contrary direction; if one elicits much intelligence from the other, fortunate will be the gainer."

We have only been able to notice even in the most cursory manner a portion of the contents of this interesting and amusing volume which may certainly be read both with pleasure and profit by all who care to learn something of the way in which money is made and lost, and of the men who make or lose it, in the City of London.

FROM LONDON TO JOHN O'GROAT'S.*

MR. ELIHU BURRITT, the celebrated American author, having recently returned from a long pedestrian tour from London to the northernmost part of Scotland, now gives the public the benefit of his experiences by the way. He had originally contemplated this expedition during his first visit to England in 1846, and indeed had actually started on his journey, but was compelled, after having travelled on foot about a hundred miles from the metropolis, to abandon the project for the time, in order that he might take part in certain movements which occupied his whole

attention for the next ten years. On his return to England early in 1863, after seven years' absence, he found himself for the first time in a position to put in execution his long-meditated and much-cherished scheme; and accordingly, on Wednesday, the 15th of last July, he left London, hoping to accomplish the northern half of his proposed "Walk from Land's End to John O'Groat's." He had previously been laid up for two months by severe indisposition, and thought that country air and exercise would be beneficial to his health; therefore, without waiting to gain any very considerable amount of strength, which would have been extremely difficult in the hot, close, and smoky air of London, he set forward on his tour on foot, a species of locomotive he preferred to any other method of travelling, as it enabled him to study the character and habits of the people, and to examine the natural appearance of the country, more closely and minutely than he possibly could in journeying either by rail or stage-coach. He reached his destination on the 28th of last September, and on the following day again started for London, proceeding this time partly by coach, and partly by rail, and arrived here about the middle of October, spending a Sunday on the way with his friend, Anthony Cruickshank, the agriculturist, and "one of the Society of Friends," at the village of Sittyton, Aberdeenshire. He was thus exactly four months absent from the metropolis, his journey from thence to John O'Groat's House having been performed entirely on foot—certainly a creditable feat in a man no longer youthful. The volume which contains the history of his expedition is embellished with five photographic portraits, comprising likenesses of the author himself, of Alderman Mechi, the late Jonas Webb, Samuel Jonas, and Anthony Cruickshank. Although Mr. Burritt's walk appears to have been undertaken mainly with a view to the acquisition of agricultural knowledge, for the edification of his countrymen at home, our author has not neglected to take notes of the scenery, domestic life and manners, historical and literary associations, and other features of interest, appertaining to the various places through which he passed on his way. For instance, we have short sketches of the imprisonment and execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, in Fotheringhay Castle; of Lord Byron and Newstead; of a village festival in the north; of the country about the house of John O'Groat, who it seems was a Dutchman; of the legend from which the place derives its name; of Sir Walter Scott and Abbotsford; and of Jonas Webb, the late eminent agriculturist of Brabham. The labours of the last-named are sketched with a sympathizing hand, and an affecting account is given of his death and last moments. Mr. Webb was one of the first projectors of the Agricultural Hall at Islington, the new show-place for the exhibition of the live stock of the Smithfield Club Cattle Show, in lieu of Baker-street Bazaar.

Throughout the whole of his pages, Mr. Burritt has shown a very strong feeling of personal regard and respect, almost amounting to reverence, for the land of his ancestors, and her institutions and people. He evidently wishes, judging from the enthusiastic manner in which he writes of England, and the high eulogiums he bestows on all her great men in every branch of art and science, to consider the social interests of this country and of America as identical, and to forget all distinction between the two lands in matters of sentiment and feeling, however we may be separated from each other in a political or legal point of view. He speaks in the most glowing terms of our English landscapes, and of their characteristic features, in which he says, "England surpasses all other countries in the world;" and remarks that her hawthorn hedges, and hedge-row trees, and the everlasting verdure of her meadows, "make the peculiar charm of her rural scenery to a traveller from abroad." He discourses eloquently of the quiet, picturesque villages, with their rustic wayside inns, the green lanes, the thatched cottages and little gardens, the old grey and moss-grown or ivy-covered country churches, and other peculiarities of the rural scenery of "Motherland," as he affectionately terms this country. All these are described with so much accuracy and picturesque feeling, that the objects seem to rise up before us as we read. Mr. Burritt has taken a fancy to our English country inns and the entertainment they afford, and in many respects prefers them to those of his own country. He speaks in lively and very complimentary terms of the landlady, the chambermaid, and the "boots," particularly the first-mentioned, and good-humouredly laughs at the quaint oddity of the signs of some of our taverns, such as "The Three Jolly Butchers," "The Old Malt Shovel," "The Dog in Doublet," "Pop goes the Weasel," &c. The volume is a little too long, and filled with a good deal of repetition. It is likewise to be wished that the author had given us fewer "Americanisms" in his work, in words, spelling, and forms of expression. But, notwithstanding these drawbacks, the volume contains much agreeable light reading, and is admirably calculated for wiling away the tedium of a few dull or idle hours.

LOST LENORE; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A ROLLING STONE.*

THIS story, which is ushered into the literary world under the auspices of Captain Mayne Reid, is imbued with not a little of that spirit of adventure which renders the editor's own writings so interesting and attractive, particularly to young people. There is no demand upon the reader's attention to pursue the intricacies of

* A Walk from London to John O'Groat's; with Notes by the Way. By Elihu Burritt. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

* Lost Lenore; or, the Adventures of a Rolling Stone. By Charles Beach. Edited by Captain Mayne Reid. Three vols. London: C. J. Skeet.

a perplexing plot; nor are we required, as in some works of fiction, to exercise a forensic acumen in the double meaning of ambiguous expressions, or in setting off against each other the duplicity of one undoubted villain against the chicanery of another, though undetected. Here we have a plain open narrative, penned in a thoroughly matter-of-fact style, embodying a series of surprising, but not improbable, adventures. "The Rolling Stone" is an Irish youth properly named Rowland Stone, but whose unconquerable propensity, from his earliest years, to run away from home, from school, from occupation of any kind, gave rise to the appellation among his family and friends first noticed. After various escapades of this nature, by turns incensing and distressing his parents, his father, who was a saddler in Dublin, dies; and after a time his mother marries Leary, her late husband's foreman, in order to enable her to carry on the business. Leary proves a drunken good for nothing scoundrel, who hates young Rowland, and to get him out of the way apprentices him to the captain of a ship sailing for New Orleans. His first experience of nautical life has nothing in it particularly novel; but on his arrival, disliking the captain of his ship, he deserts, and, after picking up a livelihood for some time by selling newspapers and assisting in a grocery store, smuggles himself on board another ship, the skipper of which takes a liking to him, and on their return to Liverpool introduces him to his family, consisting of his wife and daughter. The latter, the Lenore of the story, then quite a child, is described as beautiful and amiable. An attachment springs up between them, which is rather encouraged than otherwise by her parents, who behave very kindly to Rowland. After a few more voyages, the good captain dies in his arms at New Orleans, and the first mate, Adkins, who had always secretly disliked Rowland, refuses to take him on the return voyage, but on arriving in Liverpool so misrepresents his conduct as to poison the minds both of Lenore and her mother against him. Abandoned to himself, he joins the American Volunteers in the Mexican campaign, and takes part in various actions, is discharged at the end of the war, and proceeds to take passage for Ireland. Here he learns to his dismay that Leary had deserted his mother, having entirely destroyed her business by his neglect and profligacy soon after his departure, and that his infatuated parent with her other children had followed him to Australia. While in Liverpool, whither he had been led in pursuit of his inquiries, he naturally proceeds to renew his acquaintance with the captain's family, but, being received with the most cutting coldness by the widow, and in some degree by Lenore, he discovers what he owes to the ill offices of Adkins, now captain of the vessel *Lenore*, and himself aspiring to the hand of the young lady so named. This, after some trouble, involving imprisonment for assault and battery, is rectified, and the conduct of Adkins, in every way dishonest, being exposed, he is justly and indignantly dismissed. In spite, however, of the love he felt for Lenore, who with her mother was in good circumstances, he, without a shilling in the world, could hardly propose himself as a suitable match for her. He therefore resolves, knowing that she loves him, but without seeking to bind her by any promise, to trust to chance, and try if he cannot in a few years, by the exercise of his own wits, realize a fortune.

The remainder of the work is chiefly occupied in the description of Rowland's struggle to effect this object. He works his passage across the Atlantic to the United States; goes as one of the cavalry escort to California, where he makes money, and has besides the satisfaction of seeing Leary suffer justly under the rough and ready administration of Lynch law. He goes to Australia, and, having become now an expert gold-digger, contrives to bag a pretty fair share of the precious metals. The progress of the story is highly entertaining; the episodes and snatches of biography and adventure related by various other characters, friends, or strangers to the hero, are eminently graphic, while the startling transactions in his own career, chequered as it is by labour and reward, peril and pleasure, cannot fail of being read with intense interest. Without entering so far into minute details as to spoil the reader's appetite for the treat provided for him in these volumes, it may be only proper to add here, that, although a rolling stone, in defiance of the adage he gathers sufficient moss to make himself a comfortable nest; that, under the most singular circumstances, he meets with his mother, and his brother and sister, at the antipodes; and that, after passing through many wonderful and romantic passages of life, and many daring and dangerous exploits, after some trials of his love, arising from false reports in reference to the constancy of Lenore, and some amiable but unreciprocated attempts upon his own, he finally settles down, we find, in London, as "ship agent and owner," and as the loving and beloved husband of his once "Lost Lenore."

WANDA; A DRAMATIC POEM.*

THE Poles have contributed but little to European literature; and the present volume, though showing some signs of poetical feeling, is not great either in extent or merit. The early history of Poland is, indeed, but slightly known to English readers. We are informed, however, in this dramatic poem, that Wanda, the noble daughter of an heroic sire, Krakus, the founder of Cracow and of the Polish monarchy, being the only successor of that illustrious sovereign, was solicited by the people, from motives of respect and

gratitude towards the deceased, to assume her father's sceptre. A German Prince also solicits her hand in marriage, having the gallantry to threaten war and spoliation unless she complies. To him she answers, "No," being, like our own Elizabeth, in no hurry to demand a master; and, on his further persistence, puts herself at the head of the Polish legions, and confirms her former negative by inflicting on the obstinate suitor a disastrous and deserved defeat. To her assembled compatriots urging upon her the acceptance of the royal crown of Poland, conscious of her natural incapacity for the office, she, after much consultation of the gods and their ministers, promises in ambiguous terms a satisfactory reply. She says:—

"Well, I have chosen, and my choice is death.
This very morn my good and loyal people
May crown a worthier king, nor break their faith.
I promised to their prayer a swift reply;
My lifeless corse borne on the Vistula
Shall give an answer dumbly eloquent."

She accordingly precipitates herself into the flood, leaving to posterity a name notable amongst women—almost mythical. There are those who have sacrificed the sentiment of love to the desire of authority, and *vice versa*, and both to the love of life; but Wanda sacrifices all. A fisherman who has found the body thus announces the fact to the assembled multitude awaiting her response:—

"A glorious star hath fallen from the heaven,
That heaven our fatherland, that star our queen.
Yes, ours that was. Alas! our queen no more,
Save in her people's hearts."

This pure and patriotic act has ever since endeared her legendary memory to the Polish people.

MR. DICKENS'S NEW STORY.*

FEW literary pleasures are greater than that which we derive from opening the first number of one of Mr. Dickens's stories. The chief of modern novelists, or at any rate among the chief, he has now, by the intimate knowledge of many years, become a cherished and familiar friend. We associate his "Pickwick" with our younger days, and thence, down a long array of wonderful creations, track his course in pleasant memories and abiding impressions. It is so long since we have had a new novel from him in the old form of monthly numbers that we welcome the present return to that mode of issue with all the greater zest. The small morsels of "Great Expectations" which he used to give us from week to week in *All the Year Round* were only sufficient to provoke, not to satisfy, our appetites, and we always felt that nothing could permanently supplant the monthly parts. Here, then, we have them again. Here is the pleasant green cover, with its pictorial foreshadowing of the story; here are the well-known thirty-two pages demy octavo; here are the two illustrations—not, however, steel etchings by Mr. Hablot K. Browne, but woodcuts by Mr. Marcus Stone. This is an alteration which, we confess, we regret; for, although Mr. Stone's drawings are striking and artistic, we cannot readily give up the old companionship.

The story opens with a scene on the river at sunset, at which time a dirty and disreputable looking boat, with two figures in it (a man and a girl) is floating between Southwark and London-bridge. The man is looking out for waifs and strays in the current; the girl is rowing, with "a touch of dread or horror" in her face. We do not see or hear much of these characters (father and daughter, as the reader may suppose) in the first chapter; but they come in again in the third, where we find that the longshore man has discovered a dead body in the river, in which a gentleman named Mortimer Lightwood has some species of interest. In the intermediate chapter, Mortimer Lightwood has related at the dinner-table of a friend a strange story of this man, whose death he is not then aware of, from which it appears that he is the son of an eccentric old dust-contractor, deceased, who has left him the bulk of his property, on condition of his marrying a certain girl. The son has been at the Cape, and is on his return to England, after his father's death, when he meets with his own, seemingly by foul play. The future course of the story is very obscurely intimated in this first instalment, and the tale is evidently intended to be one of mystery and gloom; but enough is foreshadowed to make us all eager for the next number. A lurid glare invests the scene on the river and in the river-side colony of Rotherhithe; and all the component parts of the picture are painted with the mingled fidelity and poetic insight for which Mr. Dickens is remarkable. The comic, however, is not overlooked. The sketch of the Veneerings, and of their pretentious dinner parties, is admirable. Here is what the looking-glass reflects on one of those grand occasions:—

"The great looking-glass above the sideboard reflects the table and the company. Reflects the new Veneering crest, in gold and eke in silver, frosted and also thawed, a camel of all work. The Herald's College found out a Crusading ancestor for Veneering who bore a camel on his shield (or might have done it if he had thought of it), and a caravan of camels take charge of the fruits and flowers and candles, and kneel down to be loaded with the salt. Reflects Veneering; forty, wavy-haired, dark, tending to corpulence, sly, mysterious,

* Wanda; a Dramatic Poem. By Col. J. Przyemski, Author of "Sketches of the Polish Mind." Translated by A. M. M. Privately printed.

* Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by Marcus Stone. London: Chapman & Hall.

filmy—a kind of sufficiently well-looking veiled-prophet, not prophesying. Reflects Mrs. Veneering; fair, aquiline-nosed and fingered, not so much light hair as she might have, gorgeous in raiment and jewels, enthusiastic, propitiatory, conscious that a corner of her husband's veil is over herself. Reflects Podsnap; prosperously feeding, two little light-coloured wiry wings, one on either side of his else bald head, looking as like his hairbrushes as his hair, dissolving view of red beads on his forehead, large allowance of crumpled shirt-collar up behind. Reflects Mrs. Podsnap; fine woman for Professor Owen, quantity of bone, neck and nostrils like a rocking-horse, hard features, majestic head-dress in which Podsnap has hung golden offerings. Reflects Twemlow; grey, dry, polite, susceptible to east wind, First-Gentleman-in-Europe collar and cravat, cheeks drawn in as if he had made a great effort to retire into himself some years ago, and had got so far and had never got any farther. Reflects mature young lady; raven locks, and complexion that lights up well when well powdered—as it is—carrying on considerably in the captivation of mature young gentleman; with too much nose in his face, too much ginger in his whiskers, too much torso in his waistcoat, too much sparkle in his studs, his eyes, his buttons, his talk, and his teeth. Reflects charming old Lady Tippins on Veneering's right; with an immense obtuse drab oblong face, like a face in a tablespoon, and a dyed Long Walk up the top of her head, as a convenient public approach to the bunch of false hair behind, pleased to patronize Mrs. Veneering opposite, who is pleased to be patronized."

"Our Mutual Friend" opens well, and we are soon to know what the title means.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Ladies of Polcarrow: a Tale of Cornish Coast Life. By Mrs. W. Reynolds Lloyd (Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday).—A lively and pleasant picture of a little fishing village on the coast of Cornwall, and of the good-hearted, simple-minded, brave, and religious people who inhabit it, is contained in Mrs. Lloyd's one-volume story. The chief movers of the narrative are a Miss Loveday Tregunna, her elderly and disabled sister, her pretty and sparkling niece, her nephew, Arthur Kevern, and a young friend of the last-named, one Godfrey Fleming. Arthur and Godfrey are both fine young fellows, but they have certain faults of temperament which in time are amended by contact with the saintly character of Loveday Tregunna; and when we find Godfrey falling in love with Kitty Tregunna, we foresee that a happy future is in store for him—an anticipation agreeably realized in the last chapter, where we accompany the betrothed to the altar. A prevailing tone of piety runs throughout the book; sometimes, we think, a little overstrained and obtrusive, but doubtless very genuine. There is no lack of incident, however. One, in which the chief characters, when out at sea a little way from the coast, are caught by a ground-swell, and dashed into a cavern, from which they only escape with the utmost difficulty and peril, is related with great power and effect; and we have also a shipwreck, ending in the death of a noble fellow, which is full of simple pathos and grandeur. Cornwall, though one of the most interesting and peculiar parts of England, is almost virgin ground to the story-teller; but the present glimpse of its rough coast life, and honest, primitive population, is such as to induce us to wish for a more extended acquaintance.

Heroines of the Household. By the Author of "The Heavenward Path," &c. (Hogg & Sons).—The little volume before us contains sketches of the life, character, and work of Christian women, from the early days of the Church to the present time. Selections are made from various lands, but chiefly from our own; and the different biographies, says the preface, "represent widely different phases of character and shades of piety." The idea is a good one, and it appears to be conscientiously worked out, though, as frequently is the case in books of this kind, the style is a little too sentimental and pretty. The illustrations are by Miss Ellen Edwards.

Sermons by the late Rev. C. T. Erskine, M.A., &c.; with a Memoir of his Life. Edited by the Bishop of Brechin (Saunders, Otley, & Co.).—The admirers of the late Incumbent of St. Michael's Church, Wakefield, are here presented with a collection of his sermons, preached at various seasons. Mr. Erskine died very prematurely, of a quinsey, at the latter end of 1861, when he was barely forty-two years of age. He was of decidedly High Church principles, and was in the habit of confessing himself to a "spiritual director." His biographer seems to think that he was the better prepared to meet his rather unexpected death from having performed this act a few days before; and by this alone our readers may judge the exact position which he occupied in the English Church. No doubt he was a conscientious and intelligent man; but when we find him described as a person of unusual and wonderful powers, we cannot but think that the zeal of friendship has forgotten the limits of discretion.

Eastwards; or, Realities of Eastern Life. By C. P. A. Oman, late of Tirhoot, Bengal (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.).—We should infer from his name that the author of this book is a native Indian; but he writes very like an Englishman, idiomatically, spiritedly, and with ease and animation. His intention is to give a picture of modern Indian life in the guise of a little story; and, accordingly, he introduces accounts of Calcutta, of Anglo-Indian, fashionable life, of Bengal, of buffalo-shooting, tiger-hunting, alligator-fishing, Indian jugglers, the mutinies of 1857, &c.,—all held together by a slight thread of fiction. The book may amuse an idle half-hour.

The First Book of Wordsworth's Excursion. With Full Notes and a Treatise upon the Analysis of Sentences. By the Rev. C. H. Bromby, M.A., Principal of the Normal College, Cheltenham (Longman & Co.).—The first book of Wordsworth's "Excursion" having been selected by the Government Department of Education as a text-book on which students in normal schools will be examined, Mr. Bromby has published this edition with a view to helping the inexperienced in their study of the language of the author. Suggestions for para-

phrasing particular passages are added to the grammatical and other elucidations, and the whole is excellently brought out. The little volume is one of a series of which we have noticed the earlier issues.

Messrs. Longmans have also published, for the use of candidates preparing for the Oxford Local Examinations, and for schools generally, a *Middle Class Atlas of General Geography*, in a series of twenty-nine maps, containing the most recent territorial changes and discoveries, and exhibiting at a glance, by means of lines, sections, diagrams, &c., in the margin of each map, the mountains, rivers, and areas of the various countries of the world. The maps have been engraved by Mr. E. Weller, F.R.G.S., under the direction of Mr. Walter M'Leod, F.R.G.S., F.A.S.L., &c. The work is exceedingly useful.

We have received *A Voice from Derby to Bellam* (Hardwicke)—a recapitulation of the facts bearing on the alleged insanity of George Victor Townley, with a view to establishing the presumption that he was of unsound mind;—*Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Malmesbury* on the Schleswig-Holstein dispute, by "Germanicus Vindex" (printed at Liverpool)—an examination of that much vexed question from the Teutonic point of view, as the assumed signature of the author, who is said to be the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, would imply;—a cheap edition (the exact price of which the publisher has thought fit not to state) of *The Speeches and Addresses of H.R.H. the Prince Consort* (Murray);—six volumes of Messrs. Smith & Elder's Shilling Library of *Standard Authors*, which appears to consist of reprints of novels that have attained no great name;—*An Elementary Treatise on Orthographic Projection and Isometrical Drawing*, for the use of schools, &c., by W. S. Binns, M.C.P. (Longmans), forming one of the Rev. Mr. Gleig's School Series;—the second Part of Dr. Newman's *Apologia pro Vita Sua* (Longmans), treating of "the true mode of meeting Mr. Kingsley," but which our space will not allow us to criticise this week;—and the last Parts of *Christian Work*, *Good Words*, and *Our Own Fireside*.

THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY.

HERALDED by a few minor demonstrations towards the close of the week, the Tercentenary Festival, in its more important aspects, may be said to have begun with the earliest hours of Saturday, the 23rd. A large number of London actors supped together at the Freemasons' Tavern at the turn of midnight on Friday, thus inaugurating the great day with festivity. Mr. Webster was in the chair, and Mr. Buckstone occupied the vice-chair. The former unveiled a bust of the poet, copied from that of Stratford, and the latter delivered a speech, of which the least said the better. A cantata, composed for the occasion by Mr. Alfred Mellon, the words by Mr. John Brougham, was then sung. Mr. Webster next made a speech in honour of Shakespeare—a speech certainly much better than that of the vice-chairman, but stuffed with those hackneyed quotations which may be said to form part of the slang of the dramatic profession. "Take, oh take those lips away," set to music by Mr. Mellon, was sung by Mr. Santley; other speeches were made, and the assembly broke up about five o'clock in the morning. On Saturday evening, the members of the Urban Club dined together in the old hall of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell. The chair was filled by Mr. Westland Marston, the author of "The Patrician's Daughter" and other plays, to whom Mr. Stirling Coyne alluded in the course of the evening as holding the chief place amongst modern dramatists. The chairman made a very excellent speech, which he thus wound up:—

"So imbued am I to-night with a sense of the immortality of Shakespeare's genius, that I am about to propose to you an alteration of our ordinary custom when we mention his name. I am about to submit to you an innovation which I will at once withdraw if you differ from it, because it is necessary that we should all be of one opinion; but the innovation I propose is that, considering the wonderful vitality of Shakespeare, who is at this moment living in all hearts, and manifesting himself by a thousand indirect influences, we should for once remember the imperishable life of the man, and forget his mere physical death; that we should not speak of him in the past, but as being even with us. (Loud cheers.) In a word, gentlemen, I propose his name, and that, instead of greeting it with that solemn and reverential silence which belongs to death, we should greet it with those loud acclamations which belong to immortal genius, as though he was himself amongst us in form, as he is amongst us in spirit. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, I think I have gathered from your expression of feeling that you coincide with my proposal. (Renewed cheers.) Very well, then, gentlemen, let us now fill our glasses high to him who, amidst all that we boast, is the chief glory of this great empire—to him who is in intellect the king of all men, and in sympathy their brother—to this man of brave, large mind, comprehending alike the grandest and the simplest qualities—to this man with the stamp of a demi-god on his brow and the simplicity of a child on his lips, let us now do homage! I give you 'The Immortal Memory of William Shakespeare.'"

The toast was received with loud cheers, the company appearing to adopt with enthusiasm the idea of Shakespeare's actual presence among them. This was in direct contrast with the mode followed by the actors on the previous night at the Freemasons' Tavern, where the toast was drunk in solemn silence.

The only public ceremonial in London on Saturday was the planting of an oak at the foot of Primrose-hill by a committee of working men. Mr. Cowper, Chief Commissioner of Works, selected, at the request of the committee, a sapling about sixteen years old, from the plantation on the eastern side of the hill. The members of the committee assembled early in the afternoon in Bedford-square, and thence marched in procession to the ground. There was the usual display of tawdry banners, some bearing the names of Shakespeare's plays, and the bearers of these were dressed in the fantastic and idiotic garb peculiar to the "lodges" of Friendly Societies. The demonstration,

however, was a very poor one, and evidently did not represent the working classes as a body. Some wretched little charity children from the Holborn workhouse helped to make up the show—the girls carrying a banner which seemed to indicate that they were to be regarded as “The Merry Wives of Windsor.” A brass band of the 4th City of London Rifles headed the procession; but the flags along the line of route, for which the committee had made a pathetic appeal to the householders generally, were not forthcoming. A large crowd had assembled on the hill, where, a few hours later in the day, the police forcibly dispersed the Garibaldian meeting. The oak was planted by Mr. Phelps “in the name of the working men of England.” Three cheers were then given, after which Mrs. Linnaeus Banks (in the absence of Miss Eliza Cook, who was laid up with neuralgia) sprinkled the tree with water from the Avon, and baptized it “The Shakespeare Oak.” Mr. Henry Marston, the actor, recited a few verses written for the occasion by the sometime poetess of the *Weekly Dispatch*; speeches were delivered, and, the band playing the National Anthem, the procession wound round the tree, saluting it. This concluded the ceremony. In the evening, a concert was given at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, at which the music was partly Shakespearean, though, in a spirit of very bad taste, interspersed with vulgarities, such as “Jolly Nose,” sung by Mr. Paul Bedford, and a comic song by Mr. Toole. Mr. Bacon’s gigantic bust of Shakespeare was unveiled during the evening.

A Shakespearean concert also took place at the Crystal Palace, at which Mr. Henry Leslie’s choir, Madame Parepa, and others, performed. This was followed by a recitation from “Macbeth,” delivered by Mr. Arthur Young, dressed so as to represent the poet himself with tolerable exactness. These entertainments were given before the great orchestra in the transept, which had been appropriately adorned for the celebration. Bright hangings, with mottoes from Shakespeare’s writings, evergreens, flowers, laurels, and the monogram “W. S.” frequently displayed on small shields, made a very gay appearance; and in the central transept was a model of Shakespeare’s house at Stratford, admirably constructed by Mr. E. T. Parris, the celebrated artist. This model is sixty feet long and twenty-five feet high, measuring from the platform on which it stands. The features of the original are reproduced with minute fidelity, to the very knots in the old timbers, and the cracks, filled in with putty, of the old glass in the windows. The only important deviation consists of a staircase at the back, by which the room on the upper floor, wherein the poet is supposed to have been born, is approached. A special interest attaches to this staircase, for it is the identical flight which once belonged to Dr. Johnson’s chambers in the Temple. It was found necessary to substitute these stairs for a facsimile of the original, as the latter would have been so narrow as to render it almost impossible for the numerous throng of visitors to get up and down. In the Shakespeare Court a large number of relics and other objects associated with the great dramatist were collected; and in the centre of the upper terrace, facing the garden, has been erected a statue of Shakespeare, supported by Tragedy and Comedy, the design of the late Mr. Thomas. Gilt bas-reliefs, representing scenes from the chief plays, surround the base of this monument.

At the principal London theatres the performances were more or less Shakespearean. Drury Lane and the Adelphi brought out pieces illustrative of the poet’s life and works. These were, respectively, “The Fairies’ Festival,” in which Oberon, Titania, and Puck are introduced, with much singing and dancing; and “Shakespeare’s House,” a piece (to which a diorama has now been added) originally brought out some sixteen or seventeen years ago, with Mr. Wright in the part at present assumed by Mr. Toole. At the Surrey, “Henry VI.” was revived for the first time, we believe, since the days of Shakespeare; and at other houses the more stock plays, or selections from them, were performed to good audiences. The name “Shakespeare,” in coloured lamps, appeared over the portico of the Haymarket, where “Twelfth Night” was the play of the evening.

Stratford-on-Avon looked very picturesque and pleasant on Saturday morning, with its bannered and garlanded streets, its gay holiday throng, and a bright sky and sun shining down upon all. The notables first went to inspect the collection of pictures at the Town Hall, and then marched in procession to the Pavilion, where a grand banquet was served. The bill of fare of this banquet was really a literary production, every article referred to—down even to the potatoes and the dinner rolls—having its appropriate mottoes from the Master’s plays. Thus, under the head of *Pea-fowl*, we find the quotation, “A very, very peacock” (“Hamlet”); under that of *York Hams*, “Sweet Stem from York’s great Stock” (“Henry VI., Part I.”); under *Ducks*, “Oh! dainty duck!” (“A Midsummer Night’s Dream”); under *Capon*, “Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.” (“Henry IV., Part I.”); under *Dinner Rolls*, “The roll! where’s the roll?” (*Ibid.*, Part II.); under *Dressed Potatoes*, “Let the sky rain potatoes” (“Merry Wives of Windsor”); and so on. The Earl of Carlisle was in the chair, and made an excellent speech, concluding with the toast, “The Memory of Shakespeare,” drunk, as at the Urban Club, not in solemn silence, but with hearty fervour. Other speeches followed, including one from Mr. Creswick the actor, and Professor Leitner presented an address from the German nation, claiming Shakespeare as a representative man of the Teutonic race generally. We may mention, in connection with this fact, that, had the French banquet taken place at Paris, a letter from Victor Hugo would have been read. In default, it has been published; but, although interesting as an expression of Continental feeling towards our national poet, is not otherwise calculated for popularity in England, being written in the most extravagant style of French declamation. The following may suffice for a specimen:—

“It is a fine thing in the name of France to salute England through the person of its great man; you do more—you leave geographical limits. Neither French nor English, you are the brothers of a genius, and you fête him; you fête the globe itself; you congratulate the earth, which on such a day, 300 years ago, saw the birth of Shakespeare. You consecrate this sublime principle of the ubiquity of minds, whence the unity of civilisation proceeds; you remove egotism from the heart

of nationalities. Corneille is not ours; Milton is not theirs: all are to all. The whole world is country to intelligence. You take all geniuses to give them to all the peoples; in removing the barrier between poets, you remove it from between men, and by the amalgamation of glories you commence the effacing of frontiers. Sacred mingling!—It is a great day!”

A letter from Georges Sand was also to have been read at the Paris banquet, and this too has been published. The writer says:—“I associate myself heart and soul with your festival. I shall be with you in spirit. Offer a toast in my name to the divine Shakespeare,—he who amongst us all stands in the foremost rank; for he has triumphed over Voltaire, and has issued safe and sound from his powerful hands.”

The English banquet at Paris was, after all, permitted to take place, the Prefect of Police stating to Lord Cowley that the Government did not wish to interfere with a purely literary gathering of Englishmen; but the plan having been given up at the first rumour of interference, it was not thought advisable to return to it. The French banquet, however, has been rigorously suppressed; and the landlord of the chief hotel at Stratford signified his disapproval on Saturday by taking down a tricolor which he had previously hung out in combination with the Union Jack and a Shakespeare flag. A display of fireworks concluded the entertainments of Saturday in the natal town of the poet. On Sunday, the sermon in the morning was preached by the Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Trench), and in the afternoon by the Bishop of St. Andrew’s (Dr. Wordsworth), whose work on “Shakespeare and the Bible” we noticed in our last impression.

It is stated by a contemporary that the reason why the French banquet did not take place in Paris was, that the government had discovered that there was a design for turning it into a political manifestation.

The “Messiah” was sung at the Stratford Pavilion on Monday. The band and chorus of 500 performers were led by Mr. Alfred Mellon, and the principal singers were Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, Madame Parepa, and Madame Laura Baxter, the last-named of whom appeared in place of Madame Sainton-Dolby, who was prevented by illness from fulfilling her engagement. The performance was highly successful. A Shakespearean concert was given in the evening, at which, besides the ladies and gentlemen already mentioned, Miss Arabella Goddard appeared.

On Tuesday evening, the Haymarket company played in the Pavilion at Stratford. The performances consisted of “Twelfth Night,” and “My Aunt’s Advice,” in the latter of which Mr. Sothorn appeared. Lord Carlisle was present, and after the play went behind the scenes, and complimented Mr. Buckstone on his admirable rendering of Sir Andrew Aguecheek. The other dramatic performances have gone on during the week, and Mrs. Macready, a lady from America with a great theatrical name, has given some readings from Shakespeare’s plays.

Four nights of additional entertainments are to follow, commencing with Saturday, at prices more within the reach of the humbler classes, and a grand street pageant will take place on Monday.

A Vienna letter, of the 23rd, says:—“This evening there will be a festive representation in the Burg Theatre in honour of Shakespeare. A little piece, entitled ‘An Evening at Titchfield,’ has been written by Halm (Baron Münch-Bellinghausen) for the occasion, and it will be illustrated by eight living *tableaux* from ‘The Tempest,’ ‘Hamlet,’ ‘Henry IV.,’ ‘The Merchant of Venice,’ ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ ‘Othello,’ ‘Macbeth,’ and ‘King Lear.’ A ninth *tableau* will represent fairies in the air strewing flowers on a colossal bust of the immortal English bard, on whose head Queen Bess is placing a chaplet of laurels. The performance will conclude with ‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream.’ Had it not been for Dr. Laube, the artistic director of the Imperial Theatre, the 300th anniversary of Shakespeare’s birthday would probably have passed without any notice here.”

A telegram has been sent to Stratford, announcing that the Tercentenary was being heartily celebrated at Moscow.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

AN enthusiastic lover of “Elia,” resident in America, has long been engaged in collecting the stray scraps and other inedited pieces of Charles Lamb. These he has now formed into two volumes, and will shortly publish as “Eliana.”

We have to record the decease of Mr. J. G. Edgar, an author whose name is well known to boys of the present generation. His “Crusades and Crusaders,” “Wars of the Roses,” “Footprints of Famous Men,” “History for Boys,” and similar works, were published by the late Mr. David Bogue, and had a large circulation amongst juveniles. Mr. Edgar, who was a genial, kindly man, was only in his thirty-seventh year.

We recently mentioned the disappearance of Voltaire’s and Rousseau’s remains from the Pantheon. Another instance of similar desecration is now given in the Vienna journals. It appears that the head of Haydn was separated from the body, and taken away a week after his interment by the director of a house of correction, M. Peter, who wished to study the skull of the celebrated composer. The head afterwards passed into the possession of several persons, and was but very recently presented to the Conservatory of Music at Vienna, where it is now preserved.

“The Roll of Caerlaverock,” a very handsome volume, and a delightful one to lovers of heraldry, as it is the earliest blazon of arms known to exist, will be published in a few days. It will contain the accurate blazon of above one hundred knights, or bannerets, of the reign of Edward I., among whom were the King, the Prince of Wales, and the greater part of the peers of the realm, thus affording evidence of the perfect state of the science of heraldry at that early period. The arms of the earls, barons, and knights who were present at the siege of

this castle in Scotland, in the year 1300, have been exquisitely emblazoned in gold and colours. The original Anglo-Norman poem, from the original MS., accompanies the work, and an English translation, now for the first time given correctly, has been added by Thos. Wright, Esq., F.S.A. The volume is one of the most beautiful combinations of printing and colouring which has been published for a long time.

Mr. Jeffery, whom we recently mentioned as having compiled a "Genealogical Chart, showing all the branches of the House of Oldenburg, commonly styled Schleswig-Holstein," has just issued an enlarged edition of his compilation.

An interesting little brochure, entitled "Notes on Wood," giving some account of its "Properties," its "Construction in England," and the various fine works of art composed of that material now existing abroad, has been published. The author is Mr. Joseph Justen, the manager of one of our largest foreign book establishments in London. A mass of very curious matter has been collected from old and modern books, and from original sources.

A curious *on dit*, relating to a well-known French author, is now in full circulation in Paris. It appears that an innkeeper at Toulon was a few days back made the victim of a sharper, on the occasion of a visit of M. Alexandre Dumas the younger to that town. The publican was waited on by a stranger, who, after obtaining a promise of profound secrecy, declared that he had been sent by M. Dumas to request the loan of a certain sum of money, as a security for which he offered a note of hand signed "Alexandre Dumas fils," and a manuscript which he said was an unpublished work by that author. The innkeeper, delighted at the idea of obliging such a personage, advanced the money, and at once sat down to enjoy his literary treasure; but from its style he did not find it to respond to the description given by the stranger, and he began to have some doubts of the genuineness of the work, and consequently of the signature on the bill. Those misgivings were most unpleasantly confirmed on his applying to M. Dumas, and learning that he had been cheated by an impudent impostor.

"Marion" is the title of a new novel by the now famous Manhattan, announced for publication by Messrs. SAUNDERS, OTLEY, & Co.

Owing to a blunder in the transmission of a telegram *via* Halifax, the American press has recently been announcing the death of the celebrated Earl of Aberdeen. Long obituary notices of this nobleman have been given. One prominent literary paper devoted a leader to eulogise the deceased statesman.

Mr. BENNETT, of Bishopgate-street, announces for publication early in May, "Memoirs of Joseph Sturge," containing an account of his labours in connection with public and philanthropic movements for nearly forty years, by the Rev. Henry Richard. The work will include letters from many distinguished persons with whom Mr. Sturge was in correspondence, such as Lord Brougham, Thomas Clarkson, Sir T. F. Buxton, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Whittier, the American poet, &c.

A new work on the construction and history of the popular machine so largely imported from America is announced for immediate publication:—"The Sewing Machine: its History, Construction, and Application." Translated from the German of Dr. Herzberg, by Upfield Green. It will be illustrated by seven large folding plates.

Messrs. PUTTICK & SIMPSON, the book auctioneers of Leicester-square, send us a paragraph, which they think may serve to illustrate the rise in price which book-rarities have experienced of late years. A copy of Caxton's "Myrrour of the World," printed in 1491, and not altogether perfect, sold a few days since for £84, and was bought by the bookseller who, but a few years before, had sold the identical copy to the late owner for 18 guineas. This volume was put up in the sale of the library of the late S. G. Fenton, Esq., which occupied an entire week, and in which many other curious books were found, and brought good prices, viz.:—Lot 280, a manuscript Latin Bible of the fifteenth century, written on upwards of 400 leaves of vellum, with illuminations, £16. Lot 338, Burton's "Leicestershire," original edition, £12. 5s. Lot 979, "Henres de Rome," printed on vellum, 1500, with woodcuts, £10. 15s. Lot 1,019, the first English edition of Glanvil, "De Proprietatibus Rerum," printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1494, £33. Lot 1,024, Hakluyt's Voyages, 3 vols., 1599-1600, £17. 5s. Lot 1,042, Ware's Works concerning Ireland, a large-paper copy (but with small-paper leaves), £11. 5s. Lot 1,459, Percy Society's Publications, 30 vols., £16. Lot 2,052, Whitaker's "Leeds," large paper, 2 vols., £17. 15s.

Messrs. HURST & BLACKETT announce as in preparation "The Life of Josiah Wedgwood, from his Private Correspondence and Family Papers," by Eliza Meteyard, 2 vols., with portrait and numerous illustrations; "A Journey from London to Persepolis, including Wanderings in the Caucasus, Georgia, Daghestan, Armenia, and Persia, &c.," by J. Ussher, F.R.G.S., royal 8vo., with numerous illustrations; "Reminiscences of the Life and Adventures of Sir George Burdett L'Estrange, Chamberlain to Seven Viceroys of Ireland," 2 vols., with portraits; "John Greswold," by the author of "Paul Ferrol," 2 vols.; "My Life and Recollections," by the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, 2 vols.; "Not Dead Yet," by J. C. Jeaffreson, author of "Live it Down," &c., 3 vols.; "Reminiscences of the Opera," by Benjamin Lumley, 1 vol.; "Mattie, a Stray," by the author of "No Church," &c., 3 vols.; "Brigands and Brigandage in Southern Italy," by Count Maffei, 2 vols.; "A Guardian Angel," by the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," &c., 2 vols.; a cheap edition of the English translation of "Les Misérables," by Victor Hugo, 1 vol., illustrated by Millais, &c.

Messrs. VIRTUE BROTHERS are about to publish a new book, edited by Mr. J. M. Darton (formerly the publisher of Holborn-hill), entitled "Famous Girls who have become Illustrations of Women, forming Models of Imitation for Young Ladies." The volume will be illustrated with illuminated title, and photographic portraits by Mr. Stanesby.

Messrs. LOVELL REEVE & Co. have in preparation "Monograph of Odonto-glossum, a Genus of Orchidaceæ," by James Bateman, author of "The Orchidaceæ of Mexico and Guatemala;" a second volume of "Flora Australiensis," by G. Bentham; "Flora of New

Zealand," by Dr. Hooker; and "Flora of India," by Dr. Hooker and Dr. Thomson; &c.

The series of papers entitled "The Competition Wallah," which appeared from time to time in the pages of *Macmillan's Magazine*, are now announced as from the pen of Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, and will be republished in one vol. on the 1st of May.

The Committee of the Athenæum Club, in the exercise of their privilege to elect annually, as members without ballot, nine "persons of distinguished eminence in science, literature, or the arts, or for public services," have this year nominated the following gentlemen:—The Rev. W. G. Clark, M.A., Captain Speke, Dr. E. A. Parkes, Colonel Sir Herbert Edwards, K.C.B., Lord Dufferin, Professor H. T. S. Smith, Canon Robertson, Professor W. Pole, F.R.S., and Mr. Anthony Trollope.

M. Rénan is about to publish a "Life of St. Paul."

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Ainsworth's (W. H.) Windsor Castle. Cheap edit. Feap., 1s.
 Alison (Sir A.), History of Europe, 1815-52. Cheap edit. Vol. III. Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Alger (W. R.), History of the Doctrine of a Future Life. 8vo., 16s.
 American National Almanac, 1864. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Andersen (Hans C.), In Spain. Translated by Mrs. Bushby. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Avrillon's Eucharistic Meditations. Part II. Feap., 2s.
 Berger (E.), The Day of a Baby Boy. New edit. 16mo., 2s. 6d.
 Bridges (M.), Earnest Appeal to Episcopalians. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Brierley (B.), The Laycock of Langley Side. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Buckle (H. T.), History of Civilization in England. Vol. I. New ed. 8vo., 21s.
 Burgon (Rev. J. U.), Treatise on the Pastoral Office. 8vo., 15s.
 Burnside (Helen), Poems. Feap., 3s. 6d.
 Butler (Rev. W. A.), Sermons. 1st Series. New edit. 8vo., 12s.
 Caplin (Madame), Health and Beauty. 3rd edit. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Campkin (Jas.), Edwin May's Philosophy. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Caulfield (Rev. E. W.), The Genius of Christianity. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Collis (J. D.), Praxis Gallica. 12mo., 1s. 6d.
 Cuyler (Rev. T. L.), The Cedar Christian, and other Papers. 32mo., 1s. 6d.
 Demosthenes against Leptines, with English Notes by Rev. B. A. Beaton. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Dickens (C.), A Tale of Two Cities. Cheap edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s.
 Eastwards; or, Realities of Indian Life. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Ellicott (Bp.), St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. 3rd edit. 8vo., 8s. 6d.
 Epps (R.), Homœopathic Family Instructor. Feap., 5s.
 Erskine (Rev. C. T.), Sermons. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Every Man's Own Lawyer. 3rd edit. 12mo., 6s. 8d.
 Expeditions on the Glaciers. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 Far Off. Part II. New edit. Feap., 4s. 6d.
 Geraldine Maynard, by Capt. Curling. 3 vols. Post 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Gladdening Streams. 32mo., 1s. 6d.
 Goethe's Faust, by J. Anster. Part II. Cr. 8vo., 15s.
 Gordon (Rev. C. R.), Thoughts on the Eternal: Sermons. Feap., 6s.
 Hester Kirtan, by author of "A Bad Beginning." 3 vols. Post 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Historical Sketches of Nonconformity in Chester. 8vo., 10s.
 Hugo (Victor), Les Misérables. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Heywood (John), Senior Atlas. 4to., 3s.
 James (G. P. R.), The Huguenot. Feap., 1s.
 Janita's Cross, by author of "St. Olave's." 3 vols. Post 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Jewsbury (G.), Angelo; or, The Pine Forest. New edit. 16mo., 2s. 6d.
 Jones (Rev. C. A.), History of the Jesus Lane Sunday School. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 Kirk (Rev. J.), The Mother of the Wesleys. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Leah, the Jewish Maiden. Feap., 2s.
 Man (The) of Business. Six Lectures. Feap., 3s. 6d.
 Madden (T. M.), On Change of Climate. Cr. 8vo., 12s.
 Magnet Stories. Vol. VII. Feap. 2s. 6d.
 Marsh (G. P.), Man and Nature. 8vo., 14s.
 Merron (J.), Butterflying with the Poets. 8vo., 21s.
 Page (D.), The Earth's Comet. Feap., 1s. 6d.
 Songs of Life and Labour. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Paterson (P.), Glimpses of Real Life. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Prescriber's Pharmacopœia (The). New edit. 32mo., 2s. 6d.
 Railway Library.—My Brother's Wife, by A. B. Edwards. Feap., 1s.
 Ryle (Rev. J. C.), Hymns for the Church on Earth. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 4s.
 Scott (Rev. G. B.), Whisperings of Truth. Feap., 4s. 6d.
 Shakespeare, edited by T. Keightley. Vol. II. Feap., 5s.
 ———— by W. G. Clark and W. A. Wright. Vol. IV. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 ———— Memorials of, by H. Staunton. Fol., 21s.
 ———— Life Portraits of, by Hain Friswell. Royal 8vo., 25s.
 ———— Weighed in an Even Balance, by Rev. A. Pownall. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Shakespeare's Garden, by S. Beasley. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Smith (J. N.), Manual of Common Law. 2nd edit. 12mo., 12s. 6d.
 ———— Elder & Co.'s Shilling Series. Vols. XX. to XXVI. Feap., 1s. each.
 Sunshine in Sorrow. Feap., 3s. 6d.
 Templeton (W.), Operative's Workshop Companion. New edit. 18mo., 5s.
 Trollope (T. A.), Giulio Malatesta. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 ———— (Mrs.), The Attractive Beau. New edit. Feap., 2s.
 Tytler (P. F.), History of Scotland. New edit. Vol. I. Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Waugh (E.), Rambles in the Lake Country. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Westmacott (R.), Handbook to the Principal Schools of Sculpture. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Wilberforce (W.), Recollections of, by J. S. Harford. Feap., 7s.
 Wilson (Prof.), Noctes Ambrosianæ. Vol. IV. Cr. 8vo., 4s.

MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES NEXT WEEK.

- MONDAY.
 ENTOMOLOGICAL.—At 7 P.M.
 ARCHITECTS.—At 8 P.M. Anniversary.
 ASIATIC.—At 3 P.M.
 ROYAL INSTITUTION.—At 2 P.M. Anniversary.
 TUESDAY.
 CIVIL ENGINEERS.—At 8 P.M. 1. Discussion upon "Locomotive Engines for Steep Gradients and Sharp Curves;" and upon "Impedimental Friction between Wheel-tires and Rails." 2. "Manufacture of Coke." By M. Pernolt.
 PATHOLOGICAL.—At 8 P.M.
 PHOTOGRAPHIC.—At 8 P.M.
 ANTHROPOLOGICAL.—At 8 P.M.
 ROYAL INSTITUTION.—At 3 P.M. Professor Marshall "On Animal Life."
 WEDNESDAY.
 SOCIETY OF ARTS.—At 8 P.M.
 ROYAL LITERATURE.—At 8½ P.M.
 SOCIETY OF ARTS.—At 8 P.M. "On the Testing of Chain-cables." By Mr. F. A. Paget, C.E.
 THURSDAY.
 ANTIQUARIES.—At 8 P.M.
 LINNEAN.—At 8 P.M.
 CHEMICAL.—At 8 P.M. "On Organic Peroxides Theoretically Considered." By Sir B. C. Brodie.
 ARTISTS AND AMATEURS.—At 8 P.M.
 ROYAL INSTITUTION.—At 3 P.M. Mr. Hullah "On Music (1600-1750)."
 FRIDAY.
 PHILOLOGICAL.—At 8.15 P.M. "The Characteristics of the Southern Dialects of Early English." Part II. By Mr. Richard Morris.
 ROYAL INSTITUTION.—At 8 P.M. "On Iridium." By Professor Roscoe.
 ARCHEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—At 4 P.M.
 SATURDAY.
 ROYAL INSTITUTION.—At 3 P.M. Professor Frankland "On the Metallic Elements."